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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VII — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1931 — NUMBER 52

Quite Out of It

WE seldom stop to think how strange it is that literature has become an industry. It used to be a profession—the profession of letters. Those who indulged in writing literally professed—a charge was laid upon them. Even though the statement may cause a smile, we contend that a likeness may be traced between the old attitude of the writer toward his art and the taking of holy orders. That such a remark can easily cause a smile in this day and generation is actually a criticism of the age itself.

Today all is changed. Literature has been industrialized. One has only to plunge into the metropolitan world of what passes for letters, and splash around in it for awhile, to realize what widely-ramified organizations the publishing houses and the agencies have become. Everything is taken care of. From the instant a manuscript is completed by an author of any repute, the intricate machinery is set in motion. The spotlights and the cameras are trained upon the author. The interviewer's pencil scribbles busily. Every "promotion angle," every advertising dodge, every selling aid adaptable to the particular book in hand is worked for all it is worth. The manuscript has been cursorily read, rushed through into type, and the men that go out on the road with the "dummy" book are already being coached on the sidelines.

In the midst of things, all this work of organization behind a particular book gets to seem a most important matter. Publishing-house editors, like advertisers, come to think of their books as thrilling merchandise. They go into ecstasies over what they are about to publish, more than half the time because they perceive big selling qualities in a certain volume. But they deceive themselves into thinking that their enthusiasm is over the discovery of literature. Whereas it is merely that business seems to them to be booming. They are turning out a better product than they ever have before. Then the problem is to keep that particular author on his toes, to groom him along regularly to produce a book a year of the same brand, true to the old trademark.

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That is the hope on the part of the organization. Few writers being portable typewriting machines, their careers do not usually work out that way. But their names are down in the tickler system and the diplomacy-department dispatches bright young envoys to them at brisk intervals. They are part of the organization now. They are on the Big Time. We actually know of a case that seems incredible. A certain author published a book so beautifully written, so refreshingly original and different, that publishers laid siege. Finally one of the most discriminating of New York publishers secured this writer. Several days after the contract was signed the new writer met several of the more established auctorial ornaments of her new publisher's list. By one of them she was taken aside and informed that now much would be expected of her as she must realize what it meant in her career to have been elected into the great fraternity of Krambaugh & Zeitstein. In other words, she had been tapped for Bones. Unfortunately this circumstance aroused her satiric wonder. She had not been looking upon her writing in just that light.

The above is merely an illustration of the spreading influence of organization, which awes and impresses even some of the authors themselves. Naturally, it has nothing at all to do with the fact that they are good workmen or the reverse. It is merely that they have become marketable. Some authors

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Invocation to Youth

By ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

I

Fire!

YOU stroll on an emerald lawn with pale blue sashes
Darting in the breeze and beating the gossamer fluff
Of your dress, flame that will bring you to ashes
Has caught, has caught (see there!) at the hem of the stuff.
You stretch white arms; you are eating ripe strawberries;
Slow, slow, you are throwing an arching ball
To a girl in a starched and yellow dress. Serries
Of swans, wild swans, fly over the garden wall.
Across the tennis court, by the white alder,
You go unhurried to one you do not love,
(She passes careless to him because he has called her),
We do not know, watching, what you are thinking of—
But never once (are you?) of the pale blue sash,
Set slowly by nature afire, that will soon be ash.

II

Fire! Fire!

MIND! You! so busy with indifference!
Do you not smell the smoke? Are you afraid?
Why are you blind, you! You have no preference.
The match of Time is to your garment laid:
Run, run in the meadow and with bright breast lean
On the emergency; stare, stare at the flowers
While you have eyes. See now! the grass is green,
You are not seared yet, kiss while you have hours.
Fly, fluent feet! there where the white brook plashes
Lie with your love; now! now! though cursed Time tickles
With fire your ankles, hems, your fingers, lashes
And at your furtive feet snaps scorching sickles.
Laugh, pause; pick damson plums, slake your desire
For cool green ferns, remembering—that you're on fire.

This Week

"Effective Thinking."
Reviewed by WOODBRIDGE RILEY.

"Theodore Roosevelt."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

"Portraits in Miniature."
Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

"Hatter's Castle."
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

"Pan-Sovietism."
Reviewed by HENRY CHAMBERLIN.

"America the Menace."
Reviewed by H. L. HILL

Pegasus Perplexing: A Charade Contest.

Next Week, or Later

The Novel in the First Person.
By ANDRÉ MAUROIS.

Psychology and Literature

By JOSEPH JASTROW

A TEMPTATION of the *au courant* psychologist is to be all things to all men, and—to add an irrelevant comment—even more to some women. The role of presumption is never a gracious one. The fallacy of it lies in this: that because literature, in common with many another significant reflection or component of the modern outlook and insight, is a product of mind, the specialist in the world of mind is by that warrant qualified to advise the practitioner upon the conduct of his craft. Not thus should the psychologist look at literature. In all humility he has little to tell the writer. He can companionably take his arm and talk as they stroll; for despite the contrasts of their interests and trainings, they explore the same wealths and poverties, the same aspirations and limitations of the human endowment. The community of material forms a vital bond.

In specialized fields the intrusion of the psychologist would be obvious. The painter paints because he has a mind as well as a skill, but the psychologist cannot give him any pointers on painting, though he may expect that the painting shall have an intelligible meaning and not be a cross-word puzzle in pigments. Before the artist in tones he is still more reticent, as that medium of conveyance takes its value from the quality of mood. It invites no translation, or much too subtle a one, into the alphabet of psychological units.

The fallacy has its cruder illustrations, which the man of letters, living like the rest of us, in a commercialized world, will not resent. What little the psychology of salesmanship has to offer to the hardware merchant is limited by the fact that a knowledge of hardware is so much more important than a knowledge of how to sell it; and if the merchandise is clothing, the entire social setting changes, and with it, the technique. One does not buy hardware and clothing, any more than one reads science and poetry, in the same mood. You cannot by way of psychology teach a man to keep shop, because you do not know his shop. It is the specialized skill of the literary craft that counts. I shall not presume to talk shop to men of letters.

* * *

The art of the so-called "writer" has a unique universality, barely indicated by the adventitious circumstance that the flow of his inspiration may bubble from a fountain-pen. The writer is one of the colony of thinkers; his medium is ideas set in the circumstance of words, which happen to be composed of letters. Words expressing thought in artistry condition his technique. But art is largely a translation from experience to a record; it takes its quality from the temper of the translator, who may be anything from a hack to a genius. In the reflective and imaginative reaction to the vital realities of human experience, we reach the distinctive quarry of the literary artist. In some sense the psychologist digs in the same *terrain*.

From another approach we may ask so shallow or so deep a question as: Why literature? By that inquiry we come upon the concrete motivation of the writer and the reader. Urges and needs have become the commonplaces of a psychologically enlightened age. The creative urge explains the writer; the need of meaning and completion, or if you prefer, the urge to the life more abundant, explains the reader. While the psychologist can find in each of these complementary fulfilments intriguing data for his far-flung lines of investigation, that interest will add little to his insight into the ways and means by which these urges reach expression

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and by which the needs attain their special measures of their satisfaction. Nothing less than the literature of each age affords the answer, nothing less than the temper of the life of each age gives the clue; for it is ever the specialized setting that makes the play, however much the eternal motives of the human drama partake of the same communion.

We are thus thrown back upon two sources of the literary product: the vicissitudes of the human scene, and the insight conferred by more expert and specialized exploration of human motives. The first proceeds largely in terms of the social order, including political ventures, economic occupations, social competition, personal rivalries and all the varied business of living, general and special, formal and intimate, intellectual and emotional. The varieties of human experience offer dramatic moments, the varieties of human response offer the *dramatis personæ* of character. The latter may and must become a matter of science, at least in intention. Ants in a hive or humans in their cosmopolitan gyrations may be all one to the rigid behaviorist; yet neither yields its secret until the biological drama in the one case, the humanistic in the other is added to the photographic registry. It is not the "motion picture" record of successive positions in the dance of life, but the "moving" picture of the sympathetic appeal to our own emotions and motives that holds our attention. The camera has added enormously to the possibilities of record, as we travel by proxy to remote lands; can psychology hold a similar camera up to human nature?

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Before the Freudian advent the answer would have been negative or ambiguous; but since psychoanalysis, *nous avons changé tout cela*. For better or worse, for richer or for poorer, the psychological temper has been intruded into the entire set of social controls by which we regulate the conduct of life including the play of human relations in which literature finds its opportunity. The consequence in one direction is quite obvious. The poets, the dramatists, the novelists, find themselves justified and explained by the introvertive trend; it is not the human scene but the human psyche that engages their attention; incidents and plots become mere stage-setting for urges. The clinical fuses with the dramatic sense. Writers find themselves scheduled or costumed as psychologists of a sort.

The psychological temper in literature derives from the benefits and penalties of living in a psychology-saturated age, invited and precipitated by the Freudian flood. Freud, at first a lonely Noah, building his ark amid sceptical and contemptuous onlookers, found his Arrarat, when the troubled waters subsided, becoming the Mount Sinai of a new dispensation. Or, in commercial terms, literature invested in psychology as in a reckless bull market, and writers according to their temperament and *métier*, projected the counterparts of psychological problems in their literary employments. The theme of the sexual life is the outstanding meeting-ground of the two approaches. What claims for damages literature could present against Freud I have no intention to discuss. Psychology and literature, have a common material in motives and behavior, in urges and instincts and reflections. The future historian of recent literary currents will readily distinguish between the pre-Freudian and the post-Freudian epoch.

* * *

My personal reaction to the *rapprochement* (or is it the *liaison*) questions the value of the over-psychologized temper in literature. A more competent littérateur, and one more familiar with the several writers who have been notably influenced by the psychological invasion, might audit their works and report the profit or loss to their literary output of their delving into psychology. I am content to question whether literature and psychology combined in any recipe make a palatable emulsion. The clinical and the dramatic interests are not the same; egg merchants and embryologists have nothing in common, though they deal with a common material. The reply is obvious.

It points out that human relations have suddenly and violently altered, pushed and disturbed by social catastrophes, by the war, Freud, decline of religion, questioning of moral codes, emancipation of women, radical recklessness, jazz, assertion of youth, removal of inhibitions generally, that of sex notably, the scramble for possession, the crash of ideals, the sense of futility sophisticated into disregard for all values. If life and those who live it have so transformed the human complex that a changed being has resulted, it is the primary business of the literary recorder to reflect that *volte-face;* and if reconstructed psychology is responsible for it, the man of letters must follow the movement to its source.

The confusion in the reply is this: that the support to be found for any phases of this *bouleversement* in authentic psychology is a minor factor. It proceeds otherwise. The psycholologist's interest in its provenance and the littérateur's in its delineation still demand disparate techniques. Psycho-analysis pretends to proceed scientifically; the *genre* of literary analysis is otherwise perspectived. My advice to the literary entrant to the psychological laboratory is still: "Keep out! This means you." The scalpel and the pen are not similar instruments; and the discussion of which is mightier, is irrelevant.

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My thesis has further corollaries. First and simplest: when the man of letters turns psychologist, he makes a mess of it, a varied mess, though it may be an esthetic pot-pourri. D. H. Lawrence's "Phantasia of the Unconscious" is a pitiable instance. It is poor fantasy and a caricature of the unconscious. Not that the Freudian jungle-culture at its wildest does not contain equally fantastic, equally unnatural history specimens; only that these are scientific vagaries or idiosyncrasies, while Lawrence's production derives from a false formulation of the littérateur's mission.

Similarly and yet conversely, when Maeterlinck, masterly in the "Blue Bird" fantasy, which is maintained on the literary key, "fantasies" "The Bee" and latterly "The Ant," he distorts biology. The *grotesquerie* may here and there gleam, but it is mainly moonshine. A reviewer calls it "neither science nor poetry, but just plain rubbish from the lumber-room of a muddled mind." It is hardly accidental that the Maeterlinck thus exposing his own mental foibles, also believes in talking horses, in the transcendent faculties of spirit mediums, in ectoplasm, and any miraculous science-defying phenomena with a compensatory dramatic appeal. The psycho-analyst may cruelly suggest that the failure of creative ability in its legitimate literary sphere sends a yearning mind to the uncertain frontiers of psychology, to its undoing.

Yet more relevant is another trend that has not escaped attention, the allure of the littérateur to make his own psychology. I shall not specify notable offenders. Dr. Max Eastman has done that, and he knows both his literary and his psychological onions and keeps their flavor apart. The man of letters, the poet notably, is an adept of the imaginative art. But when he posits a form of imagination reserved to the poetic mind, and assigns it a place in psychology, he is a trespasser, though his, too, may be an experiment noble in motive. The imagination belongs to psychology no less authentically than does the study of instinct or reflection. By talking vaguely and confusedly about it and assigning it a function transcendent and independent to its domain, unrelated to other fields of invention, the littérateur is indulging in a feeble attempt to disparage science and to elevate the supremacy of his own calling. The humanists are guilty of the same offence, not the authentic, liberal humanist who appreciates humanistic science, but the cultist variety more intensely devoted to the "ism" than to the "human."

The same instruction may be given to all in the form of a reminder that imagination, including the image-making power in any form, belongs to psychology. It cannot be derived from the literary pattern alone. In the naive formulation of a far older day the attempt was intelligible. Literature was the issue of an afflatus; inspiration and intuition claimed sovereign domains. But there is no authentic sanction for this view in psychology any more than for telepathy. Imagist, futurist, post-impressionist, or esoteric adept of any variety of literary form and exclusive as well as elusive content, seem to be convinced that the inadequacies of verbal expression justify an original medium unknown and unknowable to an ordinary psychological understanding. Dr. Paton, psychiatrist, detects a form of exhibitionism or minor psychopathic idiosyncracy in many an attempt to be distinctive by escaping the admitted limitations of intelligibility.

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However, I have no desire to strain a measure of protest. Just as some psychologists have found a special interest in the psychology of religion, without thereby becoming religionists or founders of new faiths, or telling others how and what to believe, so may a psychologist with a flair for the pursuit devote his analyses to the psychology of literary creation and of literary trends, and render useful service.

The psychological temper in literature has a varied, a motley origin. It does not stand alone in either the demands made upon psychology to illuminate motives and indicate a way of life, or in the attempt to fashion a psychology to order to fit varieties of human interest. Commercial psychology, personnel psychology, religious psychology are under similar temptations. Psychology and literature may continue to be good friends, provided they come to a mutual understanding of their communities of interest. They cannot exchange callings, though they may call upon one another without intrusion and with reciprocal benefit.

The world has become psychology-minded and is not likely to lose that dubious modernization, nor to revert to a mere primitive nature or a simpler life. Holding the mirror up to nature is a changing art, for the nature concerned and its reflection are of human workmanship. Cubistic painting and modernistic architecture and decoration do not follow from principles of psychology; they derive from an interplay of trends complexly social in the widest sense. The same is true of modernistic literature, but with the difference that the realm of expression through the medium of language has so much vaster a repertory, comes into so many more relations with human needs for interpretation and understanding, that its relation to psychology is inevitably more intimate and more comprehensive. How we live mentally is a science apart, that is psychology, however it affects behavior. The literary rendition of life is not a stereoscopic fusion of two collateral organs; each attains the dimensions of depth by a different route. But an *entente cordiale* is possible and desirable. Neither is God; neither is Cæsar; but by rendering to each what to each belongs, a more adjusted progress of enlightenment is assured, and the freedom of the literary calling safeguarded.

Thinking and Intelligence

EFFECTIVE THINKING. By JOSEPH JASTROW. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by WOODBRIDGE RILEY
Vassar College

AT a time when the American public is reported to be spending some tweny-five million dollars a year on pseudo-sciences, a book which will teach effective thinking is a valuable antidote to such ineffective thinking as is exemplified in astrology, crystal gazing, graphology, numerology, palmistry, spiritualism, and the rest of the alphabet of superstitions. As the author of that illuminating book, "Fact and Fable in Psychology," Professor Jastrow is eminently qualified to offer a cure for false and expensive ways of thinking. In the older work he pointed out how so-called mind reading was really a form of muscle reading, and how the table tipping of a party of people obsessed by the occult was due to unconscious muscular movements. The older lessons are much needed now, for, as the writer aptly says, "logical hygiene reduces the appeal of the mountebank, the promoter, and the hypocrite, —by wise mental sanitation it renders the public mind more immune to popular error. It is not a simple task. Eternal vigilance against fallacy is the price of safety. To make the world safe for democracy requires a constant endeaver to raise the thinking capacity of the democratic mind."

In spite of the prevalence of superstitions, old and new, as is here pointed out, there is a certain method in this madness. For example, under the principle of sympathy, if you want your crops to grow, plant your seeds under a growing moon, but if we still followed that feeble logic, we should buy railway stocks as the moon increases, and expect them to grow in value because of that influence. Now, the logical basis of this way of thinking the writer puts under a new, interesting idol, for he makes bold to supplement the famous Baconian idols by another set. Thus under the "Idol of the Web" there is a tendency to spin the truth from an inner conviction as to how things should be. For this Henshaw Ward has coined a word, namely "Thobbing." As this has a clumsy sound and needs a good deal of explanation to understand its true inwardness, it is better perhaps to call it merely wishful thinking, or, to use the old phrase of Lord Bacon, "philosophy as one would." It is here that the Idol of the Web is closely akin to the Idol of the Thrill, or the temptation to believe what is interesting, striking, unusual, fantastic. Such an example is a belief in the powers of intuition where prophets and seers are said to possess a "sixth" sense. Now intuition, in

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this mystic sense, the author considers fallacious, for he claims that there being but two sources of knowledge, that of the senses and that of reason, intuition must be simply an intermediate stage of thinking, a variable composite of instinct and reason; it is half automatic and half rational and illustrates the logic of the unconscious mind. In a case cited it is said that a good cook is an intuitive cook; should she begin to think, her hand may be thrown out, or, as Bobby Jones once said, the way to play golf is not to think of all the directions given by the professional, but to forget them and hit the ball.

This is a valuable book. It gives not only the technique of effective thinking and the impediments thereto, such as the logic of superstition, idols subjective and objective, and prejudice and prepossession, but it also adds some interesting material on creative intelligence and the limitations of the intellect.

A New Life of Roosevelt

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By WALTER F. McCaleb. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

THE emotional content, indeed the explosive qualities revealed in the life of Theodore Roosevelt as one reviews it in the perspective of time, of even a dozen years, makes it a most difficult story to tell and tell fairly. It is easy to hate Roosevelt and strafe him in a biography. It is also rather a simple matter, and has been done admirably, to adore him and write a biography which in effect makes the biographer one of the cherubim and seraphim who go about throwing down their golden crowns before the glassy sea in which a holy Roosevelt is reflected.

This biography is the first one that has appeared which obviously is striving to be fair, exactly fair, and the experiment is most interesting. And the marvel about the book is that the author evidently started to write a disagreeable book; but could not finish it on a sour note. Mr. McCaleb is almost a contemporary of Roosevelt, born a Texan in the 1870's, who left the newspaper business to become a banker. More than that, he is a Democrat, but also a scholar, being a Phi Beta Kappa, and has written a number of books, "The Life of a Bee," "The Life of an Ant," and a number of books on financial subjects. He has dedicated his book to Franklin Roosevelt, which is a sign and a token that the author has no intention of making it a Rollo book with a gold-plated hero all haloed and prettied up for company.

Mr. McCaleb confesses that he approaches his task with an appreciation of its dangers. In his foreword he declares that "there appears to be no neutral ground" between the "blatant panegyric and the fault-finding criticism." And yet he has done the difficult thing. It is fortunate that although he had seen Roosevelt in the flesh and had heard him speak, yet he had not come near enough to him to "be taken captive as was nearly everyone who approached him." The earlier part of the book reveals more resistance to the Roosevelt myth than the latter part, and yet even in the later chapters of the book, when he is dealing with Roosevelt as a crusader in those last years after the passing of the Bull Moose party, Mr. McCaleb holds an even balance. Apparently he believes that Wilson was right but he does not question Roosevelt's sincerity. Even in the discussion of the Panama Canal and the events leading up to the revolution in Colombia under which America acquired her title to the canal zone, Mr. McCaleb does not shield his hero. He tells the truth, disagreeable as it is. But he is not bitter or carping and we see Roosevelt striding to his goal in this episode, rather humorously conscious that he is participating in a sort of vast Pickwickian pretence of diplomacy, when he is relieving Colombia of her title to the canal zone.

So we see emerging from the picture not a villain, certainly not a wax-works saint, but a man whose flaring patriotism had made him choose a course which afterwards his country itself had to disavow by the payment of damages to a weaker nation. But there is the canal. Appraising the theft of Panama, Mr. McCaleb cites the so-called Mahan law, as formulated by Captain Mahan, our naval authority, which affirms that if primitive peoples are permitted to retain control of a land it is in defiance of any natural right, but because it is being developed in "such a manner as to insure the natural right of the world at large, that resources should not be left idle but be utilized for the general good." Whereupon Mr. McCaleb declares:

These adventures did not come about because of native failures but because there were goods to be appropriated and peoples to be exploited. When people can no longer protect their possessions by force of arms they become fit subjects for the operation of Captain Mahan's law, which in simple English is that might makes right. Panama offers a perfect example of the operation of the law. Roosevelt called it imperialism in the process of unfolding.

Since the earlier biographies of Roosevelt were written during the first five years following his death, much correspondence has been published in letters and memoirs which has revealed an inwardness, for instance, of the relations between Taft and Roosevelt—relations that were not known at the beginning of the third decade, and Mr. McCaleb has availed himself of this correspondence. Particularly has he had access to the Archie Butt letters and the Lodge correspondence. The story of the rise of the insurgent movement and the formation of the progressive bloc and finally the Progressive party as it unfolded from 1910 to 1912 has never been told better than it is told in this biography. One gets President Taft's slant on the break that was inevitable when one reads that he warned Norton, his secretary, not to commit him "to anything which would look like fawning or seeking favor at the hands of the ex-President." Also we read that Mrs. Roosevelt was

Lytton Strachey

included in an invitation to the White House only at the suggestion of Major Butt, so far had personal relations disintegrated between the two when Roosevelt returned from Africa in 1910. It was inevitable that the two should differ. It was probable that they should quarrel and it was well for the world that the issues between them should have been dramatized by their gargantuan struggle in 1912. In that day America went to school in certain fundamentals of democracy, and in discussing that day Mr. McCaleb makes it evident that he followed the more strenuous teacher and sympathized with the progressive movement.

There rises from the pages of this book a robust figure, full of foibles and frailties, but also strong and wise and very brave; not omniscient, prone to mistakes and errors and, alas, often proud of them. But the new generation can read this book, fairly certain that it is getting an approximation of the truth, as much truth as any other one book about Roosevelt and his times will reveal, certainly more truth than may be found in the outgiving of either his panegyrists or carping critics. Mr. McCaleb has done a difficult thing well.

The always watchful F. H. P. remarks the following in a recent issue of the London *Observer:*

"A pathetic interest must ever attach to Bowling Green House, on Putney Heath, which is being offered for sale by Messrs. Constable and Maude, of Mount Street. There, in a first floor room, on January 23, 1806, died William Pitt. The house, of which he had taken a lease some eighteen months earlier, had been marvelously translated. It owed its name to its original status as an inn with a cockpit and a bowling green, but had been enlarged and made into a rather elegant abode for a gentleman, with a verandah, French windows, and a projecting porch. As regards size, it was never more than a cosy villa, but it stands in rather more than five acres of wooded grounds, with lawns and masses of rhododendrons. It was, however, large enough for the modest needs of 'The Great Commoner' and his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, and it is a curiously interesting circumstance that the house is a mere quarter of a mile from the dell in which Pitt had fought his duel with Tierney. The story that it was at Bowling Green House that he received the news of Austerlitz, and told his niece to roll up the map of Europe, appears to be apocryphal."

Vignettes of the Small

PORTRAITS IN MINIATURE And Other Essays. By LYTTON STRACHEY. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

WHEN the *New Statesman* hailed the advent of Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria" with the words, "a masterpiece that will influence the art of biography," that organ was certainly endowed with the gift of prophecy. In fact, its utterance was, if anything, too cautious. It would hardly be going too far to say that Lytton Strachey in that work created the art of modern biography. Immediately before his day, biographies were usually written by friends and relations, or at any rate admirers, of the mighty dead, and their highest goal was to attain sympathetic understanding. Mr. Strachey started the vogue for a new type of work the keynote of which is critical detachment. As the modern world already prided itself on its detachment from Victorianism without knowing much about the subject, it welcomed a book which enabled one to say, "Ah, that is what I always thought about the smug, hypocritical crowd; now I know that I am right." And, possessing the happy human faculty of generalization, people came to the conclusion that probably other periods as well needed a sharp looking into. There resulted that critical revaluation of history by means of biography which has formed the distinctive literary achievement of the past decade.

Mr. Strachey's followers have been legion, but it is generally agreed that no one of them has quite learned to bend his master's bow. The Strachey detachment, though difficult, may indeed be acquired. And that saturation with events and characters which enables Mr. Strachey to envelop his subject and to give the impression always that he is telling only the smallest part of what he knows about it—that, too, with sufficient time and effort might be acquired. But over and above these qualities Mr. Strachey is an artist, one of the greatest writers of English prose now living. His insight into both patterns and idiosyncrasies of character, his narrative skill, his eye for the significant detail, above all, his charm of style with its ease, lucidity, and restrained irony—these are the latest flowering of the classical tradition in a unique personality, and are not to be repeated at either wish or will. The character of Mr. Strachey's style is fundamental to his work even considered purely as biography. What he says, in his latest volume, of Edward Gibbon's masterpiece, that its whole scope and nature were determined by its style, is equally true of his own writings.

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Thus it is almost a positive gain that in his latest work the subjects, for the most part, have no obvious interest of their own to interfere with that which Mr. Strachey finds in them. Aside from the six historians at the end of the volume, of the eighteen figures presented in "Portraits in Miniature" only Congreve and Boswell are generally known. Students of English literature may recall the eighteenth century Richard Bentley, impeccable scholar and redoubtable tyrant of Trinity College, Cambridge, or Sir John Harrington, the Elizabethan translator of Ariosto and inventor of the water-closet, or John Aubrey, the seventeenth century antiquarian, all of whose affairs, as he said himself, "ran kim kam," and who was, as a contemporary said, "inclinable to credit strange relations." But who has heard of Dr. Colbatch of Trinity, or Dr. John North, or Lodowick Muggleton? Mr. Strachey has found significance in these shadows and given them their hour of kindly if unflattering immortality. Humor governs the tale of Colbatch who wasted his life endeavoring to oust the terrible Bentley from Cambridge and succeeded momentarily more than once only to have the despot immediately restored by tricks of law or fate—a dazzling academic battle which modern universities can only imitate afar. The story of Dr. North of Cambridge is gruesome-humorous, that of a timid, repressed student, who on being made Master of Trinity suddenly became so assertive a disciplinarian that all the college hated him—until, one day, after years of arid pedantry, he fell in a fit of apoplexy and awoke half-paralyzed, to solace himself henceforward with bibbling and ribaldry companioned by a gay young scholar of the university. The account of Muggleton again is pure humor—Muggleton, a masculine Aimée Semple Macpherson of 1650, who with his cousin Reeves founded the sect of Muggle-

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tonians which still perists in London chanting their ancient song:

> I do believe in God alone,
> Likewise in Reeves and Muggleton.

Amateur of strange events, Mr. Strachey tells us of the aged love of Horace Walpole for that Mary Berry who lived to discuss the incident with Thackeray, of the sexagenarian liaison between Guizot and Madame de Lieven, of Freeman the historian going mad when it was proved that the Battle of Hastings was really the Battle of Hastings and not the Battle of Senlac as he had argued with many thousands of words. But none of these stories, fascinating as they are, is told for its own sake. Each character, each incident, is made in some magical way the center of a cultural epoch which casts its penumbra around it. Minor figures are perhaps more suitable for this revelatory purpose than major ones who, at least as far as artists and writers are concerned, usually express their period only antithetically by their rebellion. So Mr. Strachey's studies of these little men and women, mainly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, give us perhaps a better understanding of their times than would any vignette of the great (who, for that matter, customarily refuse to be vignetted.)

Hence it is of less moment that the essays on Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Carlyle, Froude, and Creighton are, as a group, a little disappointing. Those on Hume, Gibbon, and Creighton are judicious and illuminating, but the artist that is Mr. Strachey finds the three moralists well-nigh intolerable. His failure to render even-handed justice to Macaulay, Carlyle, and Froude is the more easily forgiven as it may serve to soothe our vanity. Envious and discouraged writers may take heart again with the thought that even Lytton Strachey is not quite universal.

Decline and Fall

HATTER'S CASTLE. By A. J. CRONIN. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

"*Omnia praeclara*," said Spinoza, "*tam difficilia quam rara*." I should ask no mercy for borrowing this statement if I were not forced to criticize "Hatter's Castle" on the sole ground that it is not a masterpiece. For how else can one approach a novel whose virtue lies not in what it *is* but in what it evokes, and when it evokes a whole dynasty of English novels which began with the Regent and ended with Edward VII? Nothing is so various as the fiction which falls within this period (or periods), but now that a number of years have slipped between, we can see certain characteristics which persisted throughout—chief among them a more "literary" manner than we cultivate nowadays, a more obvious devotion to literary etiquette, which does not necessarily imply better writing; a slow and detailed growth with unswerving direction; and a respect for the privacy of its characters which did not entirely depend upon social modesty. One finds these characteristics in "Hatter's Castle," just as one finds echoes of writers as diverse in method and intention as Dickens, De Morgan, and Hardy: in fact the book represents in its way an opposition to the present government in fiction, but an opposition that is not properly organized. For what Cronin lacks is the power to round out his characters, to make them fulfil themselves and their destinies and become, however slowly and however discursively, either the scapegoats or the champions of humanity.

The story is not an easy one to paraphrase. The scene is set in the Scottish Lowlands of the last century. We have James Brodie, the hatter, who built himself a castellated freak of a house which in England would have been called a "Folly," and who domineered his own household and bullied his acquaintances, so great was his pride. His elder daughter was cast out of his house for the obvious reason and at the same time his business was undermined by an enterprising shop which set up next door to it. Then his wife, who was his terrified slave, died of cancer and his household fell into dirt and disorder. He was declared bankrupt: unkempt and morose, with no more than the rags of pride left to him, he took to drink, got the local barmaid for his mistress, and was robbed of her by his son whom he had quite rightly thought to be no more than a failure and a weakling. He loved his younger daughter in a twisted way and became more and more obsessed with the idea that she should retrieve the family fortune by winning a town scholarship. With alternate threats and promises he drove her to work day in day out, and when she failed to win her scholarship she hanged herself. These are the bare facts of "Hatter's Castle"—nearly six hundred pages of decline and fall.

The early part of the book is full of possibilities. Let us take a single example. Mary is cast out into a terrific thunderstorm with the pangs of a premature childbirth on her, hurled to and fro by the wind in a dark wood, nearly drowned in a flooded river, almost swallowed up in a bog, only to end in the straw and the ordure of a rough cowhouse where she bears her child alone. All this in a few hours! "The elements" (how else could one speak of such phenomena?) were a naive and ponderable and exceedingly effective convention in the Victorian novel. And now Cronin has used the same convention and used it in such a deliberate and such a gentlemanly way that we are convinced against our will. More generally, to all this early part he brings a sense of destiny that is larger than the characters require and of space that is wider than the confines of a Scottish town. Up to a point, then, the story has growth with direction: and just as certainly it afterwards loses direction. It descends by imperceptible degrees into a series of events, a respectably motivated plot—and one domestic tragedy plot can be very much like another. We do not accuse Cronin of slipshod work—his story is well knit together—nor of lack of force; nor yet of wanting the instinct and the instinctive good manners that is common to the Regency and the Victorian novel; but he lacks the genius.

Some of his writing is indifferent, which could be said of the greatest English novels; but the characterization is not so much indifferent as imperfect. In fact, nothing in the book fulfils itself—it is second rate, whether good or bad second rate the reader must decide for himself. But who knows if it is not prophetic? Many of us think, to take a solitary example, that Jane Austen's heroines are among the most vital women in English literature, a fact which can neither be explained nor explained away: and "Hatter's Castle" might also prove, from the tragic side, that there is room for the reticent as well as the outspoken novel, since its occasional "modern" detail is unnecessary if not intrusive. At least it recalls many of the solid and peculiarly English virtues of an earlier fiction—and we cannot call this imitation though we might give it no better title than conjuring. No doubt the book will appeal more to England than to America, for the English public is sentimentally inclined to its past. But not one of us who has any allegiance to nineteenth century literature or any belief in its resurrection can afford to neglect "Hatter's Castle."

Quite Out of It

(*Continued from page* 969)

are so highly marketable that publishers and magazine editors are constantly in a perfect lather trying to secure their services. Publishers have to live, or that is the contention, and authors like to live, they like even to live luxuriously. The Golden Age is upon them, with a little adaptation. No more of this starving in a garret.

And then get well out of it—retreat across seas or into some mountain fastness, and, if you are a writer, sit down and think it over. We are not counselling mutiny. You probably have to deliver your new book by a certain date in the fall. You have signed a contract, and a bond is binding. But most important, to your publisher as well as to yourself, is the fact that you produce, not the mere trademark product up to the old grade, but rather the most honest and personal work that is in you. Enough pitfalls of temperament yawn, as it is, between your work emerging as you have dreamed it and your actual completed manuscript. Sheerly honest and unexpedient writing is a difficult job enough in itself, without hearkening to the big business talk of organization that rumbles from afar. What matters is that you recapture something of the spirit of the profession of letters, the old profession of letters.

With all the quick work for quick money rampant in our time, with the advertising department's slogans and the promotion expert's pronunciamentos dazzling your vision, new obstacles are placed between honest work and the public. Their very fame harasses honest workmen more than their obscurity. Suddenly they are exalted to gods. They are supposed to be capable of anything at a moment's notice. Witness the reportorial questions that enfilade them when they visit us or return to us from abroad. What do they *think* about Relativity? Is there a God? Is there a Fourth Dimension? The author knows very well that he possesses a certain gift of which he apprehends the distinct limitations. If he can be left in peace and quiet, he can do the special type of thing that is his own province. But just because a book of his has suddenly become a best-seller he, very likely, knows no more about God or the Fourth Dimension or Relativity that he did in the beginning—and very likely such matters have never been his chosen field.

We should advise authors to keep out of the toils of organized "literature" as much as possible. We should advise publishers to recognize more acutely than they do the fact that when literature leaves off being a profession and becomes factory-toil it is extremely liable to deterioration. The machine-made thing remains merely the machine-made thing. You cannot predict lightning—and it seldom strikes twice in the same place.

Historicus writes from London that in the Newspaper Room of the British Museum he has discovered, in the London *Daily Telegraph* of July 5, 1855, a correspondent's description of the effects of the then prohibition law in the State of Maine:

"Every person is his own publican and sinner, and every private house might with propriety hang out the sign of an unlicensed victualler. The effect of this is the violation of State law, the promotion of thirst—for the prohibition acts as caviare—and a great deal of immorality in the shape of deceit, lying, and hypocrisy. Many humorous stories are undoubtedly told of the evasion of this law. If a stranger ask for a glass of lemonade, he is treated to whiskey and water, and told, with a grin, that the weather is so hot they are obliged to make that beverage strong in order to keep it. Teapots are perverted from their proper use to an extent terrible to the sober mind to contemplate; druggists compound nothing save alcoholic mixtures. You are constantly misunderstood if you ask for any mild beverage such as milk or chocolate—silence is interpreted by rum, a nod by peach brandy, and the act of shaking hands by corn whiskey. A remark concerning the weather is a request for mint julep, and an inquiry after a friend's health means brandy cocktail or brandy smash. The merchant gets elevated in his counting house, the parson in his study, and everyone else where he can."

It is reported from Vienna that a hitherto unknown MS. of Schubert has been discovered. It is said to consist of six German dances written for pianoforte.

A Balanced Ration for Week-End Reading

HATTER'S CASTLE. By A. J. CRONIN. *Little, Brown.*

A first novel by an English author, built about the theme of egoism and parental tyranny, which has met with wide acclaim in Great Britain.

PORTRAITS IN MINIATURE. By LYTTON STRACHEY. *Harcourt, Brace.*

Vignettes of a few great personalities, and several lesser ones, written in the best manner of their author, with all his customary brilliance and scholarship.

THE GARDENER'S YEAR. By KAREL CAPEK. *Putnam.*

A gay little book about amateur gardeners for lovers of the garden.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Published weekly, by the Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 7, No. 52.

The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

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The Soviet Russian Sphinx

PAN-SOVIETISM. By BRUCE HOPPER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN
Author of "Soviet Russia"

BOTH for its solid information about the Soviet political and economic structure and for its stimulating flow of fresh ideas "Pan-Sovietism," which is based on Mr. Hopper's highly successful series of Lowell Lectures, deserves a high place among the flood of books on Russia. The author envisages Soviet collectivism as a permanent and growing challenge to the capitalist individualist economics, culture, and institutions of Western Europe and America and anticipates the day when America and the Soviet Union, the "two industrial Juggernauts" will fight for world mastery over the vast expanse and undeveloped resources of China. To state the central thesis of the book in Mr. Hopper's own words:

> It may well be that the decisive battle between capitalism and socialism, between individualism and collectivism, if it comes to that, will be fought out not in Europe or America, but in the fluid East, where economic systems are still in the making. According to present indications the probable economic antagonists will be America and Soviet Russia. . . . The system that wins the support of the billion people in Asia might thereby have the balance of power necessary to dictate the *lex economica* of the future, the relation of public authority to property, and the relation of man to the machine.

That the emergence of semi-feudal and chaotic China either into a highly organized capitalist state or into a highly organized Soviet Republic would heavily weight the scales in favor of one of the two competing systems in world economics is undeniable; and Mr. Hopper has perceived the implications of this proposition and developed them vividly, brilliantly, and cogently. Of course nothing in China moves as fast as the impatient foreigner, whether he be missionary, businessman, or agent of the Communist International would like to see it move; and it may be that the Chinese, with their peculiar capacity for dodging sharp alternatives and issues may refuse, at least over a long period of time, to assume definitely the forms that would mark the decisive victory of either of the competing systems. But this only makes the struggle more prolonged, more intricate, perhaps more interesting.

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Although the irrepressible conflict between communism and capitalism, with its probable climactic development in the Far East constitutes the spearhead of Mr. Hopper's work, the book ranges over a much wider field. The author introduces a much needed element of historical perspective into his consideration of the present-day Soviet Union when he emphasizes such elements in the Russian past as absence of individual liberty, the enormous uncontrolled power of the state, impersonated in the Czar, the late and weak development of private capitalism. Without a full knowledge of these elements in the Russian past no one can understand properly the Soviet state as it exists to-day; and in some of the more superficial books about Russia this influence of the past is ignored or slighted.

Mr. Hopper also outlines the ideological ancestry of Bolshevism and sketches the main features of the Soviet political and economic system, a subject to which he devoted years of intensive research in Moscow. The work is enlivened by humorous episodic pictures of the lighter side of life in Moscow and in Russia generally; and the reader will find valuable material on that often told, but still probably imperfectly understood tale: the Five Year Plan. Mr. Hopper does not underestimate the heavy strain and the deprivations which have been the inevitable accompaniment of the Russian plunge into quicklime industrialization; but a generally favorable judgment on the prospects of the realization of the Plan may be deduced from the following sentences:

> Russia is being filled with the smoke of new chimneys, life is being mechanized and transformed, the countryside is changed from a sleepy expanse of steppe into a stormy sea of commotion, the rattle of the hammer and the drill is heard everywhere, and the result is an industrial plant the immensity of which really staggers the eye. Russia is closing the gap of centuries.

Confronted with shifting and sometimes contradictory statistics and with a rapidly changing political and economic scene the most exact and encyclopedic mind could scarcely produce a book on contemporary Russia without a few slips from the vain ideal of unimpeachable accuracy. The sown acreage of grain in Soviet state farms last year was 3,900,000 hectares, not 8,900,000 hectares, as the book states; the Communist Party Politbureau, which the author correctly describes as "the ruling power of Russia," consists of ten members and five "candidates," or alternate members, not of twelve men; and the statement that in the Communist Party "there is complete freedom for discussion of all controversial decisions until a decision is reached" is perhaps a textbook ideal rather than a political reality.

But these are minor points of detail. Mr. Hopper approaches the Soviet Russian sphinx with the double advantage of an informed background and a fresh, original, and openminded outlook. No recent book on the subject is more satisfying for the way in which it not only answers everyday questions about the Soviet Union, but excites new questions and opens up new channels of thought about what is certainly one of the world's most absorbing and baffling problems.

An Indictment of America

AMERICA THE MENACE. GEORGE DUHAMEL. Translated by C. M. THOMPSON. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931.

Reviewed by H. L. HILL
Co-author of "The Giant of the Western World"

M. GEORGES DUHAMEL and M. Luc Durtain, friends and brother doctors, share an attitude towards America which is, as M. Siegfried once remarked, an attitude of profound understanding coupled with intense dislike. What M. Durtain did in narrative form in the name story of "Quarantième Étage," M. Duhamel has now done in essay form in "Scènes de la Vie Future," translated as "America the Menace." The menace to which the title of the translation refers is not America as an entity but America as an influence, as a way of life and a concept of value which has already become dominant in the United States and which now bids fair to generalize itself throughout the world, pushed on by means of economic power, and accepted with the imitation which all successful competition engenders.

In his book, "France," M. Siegfried called attention to the non-contemporary character of his country's life— "we are mostly appreciated by those who preserve a certain conception—now out of date—of individuality, liberty, and culture." It is because M. Duhamel believes passionately in the value of that conception, and at the same time sees its continuance menaced by the expanding power of mass mediocrity that he draws these scenes from the life of the future as a warning.

They are all sketches from the notebook of an American visit: sketches of the movies, prohibition, the automobile, the night club, the football match, advertising, insurance, the gamut of things American that one talks about. They are all illustrations of the single paradox that American activism is cumulatively resulting in increased passivity among Americans. Americans do not make their amusements; they sit as spectators whose only function is to applaud at regulated intervals. They do not make their own idea of what they want to be: the advertising man in the economic field, the maker of moral laws in the social, does it for them. They accept the creation of more and more automatic devices which do things properly according to set standards until they themselves approximate the condition of automata. M. Duhamel thinks that in the last analysis a man is better than a machine. He thinks a set of personally realized values, even with errors, is greatly preferable to canned personality, put up in uniform containers and distributed to its consumers from an outside center.

⁂

The book is an excellent indictment. It has probably done more to set (where it does not corroborate) the mood of France with regard to the United States than any other recent publication—the reprint which is now being sold there is the one hundred and fifteenth. It is easy to say, as M. Duhamel quotes an American as saying to him, that the view which it presents is one-sided, that the author has seen what he wished to see to prove his point. In part that is doubtless true. The seriousness of Mr. Parker P. Pitkin when dealing with the pronouncements of applied science (though he sounds far heavier in the American than in the French text) is untempered by any interjection of that combination of incredulity and scorn contained in the essentially American monosyllable, "Yeh?" And it also seems most probable that M. Duhamel has underestimated the possibility of revolt. "The civilization of the ants has lasted for centuries on centuries. There are no revolutions among the insects." But ants are built for function, whereas Americans, however, willingly, only have function thrust upon them. They are not born that way. It must not be forgotten that M. Duhamel saw us prior to the rapid and unexpected alteration of function which has left some 6,000,000 of us, from vice-presidents to textile operatives, functionless upon the street. What he tells is not the whole story, but it is very nearly the story of the majority. As an analysis of American life as lived on Main Street and expounded from the Front Porch at Marion, Ohio, the book is accurate, and the American outthrust by which not only M. Duhamel but many another good European has been feeling menaced is an expression of the majority's life of that period and in those terms.

Pegasus Perplexing

NUMBER IX

My First

Juvenile-minded he
Who, if he blinded be,
Takes his part in my game.
For what a duffer-must
Bumptiously suffer-must
He be held to blame.

My Second

'Twould be heretical
Our alphabetical
Sequences to swap.
What would be said of them
If the old head of them,
I, should take a drop?

My Third

I call attention-to
What you would mention-to
Give it unusual stress,
Pointing a finger at
Something to linger at,
Something you long to express.

My Whole

Civilization in making the nation
Has made me less peripatetic.
I am diminishing, close to my finishing,
Facing a future pathetic.

NUMBER X

To do my first, with money or without it,
Becomes, in reckless man, a ruling passion.—
A paradox, of course, but if you doubt it,
Consider how my next is out of fashion.
My whole affects to think that gold is dross:
"A man must live; what matters gain or loss?
Comfort is part of every man's autonomy;
Nothing so narrow-minded as economy.
Wealth is contemptible. I could not bear
The taint of being a multimillionaire."
(Yet would it seriously shock-a-feller
To find he had the means of Rockefeller?)

RULES

Throughout the summer months *The Saturday Review* will publish two charades in each issue of the magazine, the last charade to appear in the issue of August twenty-ninth.

It is our hope that readers of the paper will be interested in solving these puzzles and will submit answers at the conclusion of the contest. Prizes will consist of copies of the book from which the charades are taken, "Pegasus Perplexing," by Le Baron Russell Briggs, to be published by The Viking Press at the conclusion of the contest.

Contestants must solve correctly at least ten of the twenty-four charades in order to qualify. A prize will be awarded for each of the 100 highest scores obtained by those who qualify.

The highest score will win a copy of the book specially bound in leather.

In case of ties each tying competitor will receive the award.

Solve the charades each week as they appear, but do not send in your answers until the last charade is published on August twenty-ninth.

In submitting answers merely number them to correspond with the number of the charade to which they apply and mail the list to Contest Editor, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

All answers must be mailed not later than midnight of September tenth, 1931.

It is not required that competitors subscribe to *The Saturday Review;* copies of the magazine are available for free examination at public libraries or at the office of publication. The contest is open to everyone except employees of *The Saturday Review* and The Viking Press.

The accuracy of the answers will be verified by the editors of *The Saturday Review.*

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Songs from the South

MORE MELLOWS. By R. EMMET KENNEDY. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

MR. KENNEDY'S second collection of sacred and secular songs of Afro-American origin appears at a time when the recent craze for art of negro origin has subsided, and must, therefore, stand upon its own merits as a piece of research into the folklore of our country, and as a collection of "mellows" to be played and sung. This, one is able to report, it is amply able to do. As in his admirable earlier volume, "Mellows," Mr. Kennedy has gone straight to original sources for his material; he has hunted through the minds of his colored friends for such remarkable spirituals as "Jesus Goin' to Make Up My Dyin' Bed," "Bow Low, Elder," "White Horse Pawin' in the Valley," and a number of others, including the stirring and by now more or less familiar, although given here in a new setting, "There's a Man Goin' Round Taking Names." These and all the others which he presents with the music, he has arranged carefully and reverently, doing their naive strength no injury, and making them available in singable versions to any one who cares to try their simple, but deeply moving, appeal.

In his Preamble, he has furnished the reader with an account of how he found the songs, and has given, in all modesty, some hint of the difficulties attendant upon the search. Not every one able to take down words and music can make a harvest in this rich field; the task requires sympathy with and understanding of an alien race, alien no matter how long we may live side by side with its members. These qualities Mr. Kennedy has shown himself to have, not only in his works of a musical nature, but in his stories of the black folk of his native Louisiana. In addition to his interesting narrative of the discovery of the songs he has collected, he describes a church meeting accurately and intelligently, furnishing the reader who is without first-hand knowledge of these curious affairs, an excellent background for the appreciation of the way spirituals come into being; of the emotions that crystallize in these spontaneous outbursts of part-singing, which for all their beauty anywhere cannot, in the nature of things, ever be so effective as in their natural settings.

When one considers that for "Mellows" and "More Mellows" Mr. Kennedy worked in a relatively narrow field, only one part of Louisiana, the abundance of this type of folksong is once more made impressive. While there was a certain element of truth in Mr. Mencken's strictures on the subject some months ago, in which he insisted that there was no more than a modicum of originality and spontaneity in negro spirituals, most of them being no more than conventional Methodist and Baptist hymns in dialect and with some modification of the tunes, he carried his thesis too far, as he has been known to do before; hundreds of these songs owe nothing at all to white hymnals, and were born exactly as Mr. Kennedy explains, with no assistance from the outside. Spirituals flourish all over the South; the dozen volumes that have been collected within the past five years, while invaluable, have hardly scratched the surface.

It is no new thing that these expressions of the deep religious emotions of a naturally musical people should find their way into all parts of the world, as organizations of negro singers were making long tours years ago, but it is true that they are better known today than ever, and the radio may make them a profound influence upon the music of the world. American composers have done a little with the raw material, and are likely to do more; who knows but what foreign musicians may carry the matter much farther? Jazz has conquered the world, and has seen its highest development as a form of musical expression in the hands of white Americans of relatively recent foreign origin, such as George Gershwin. The more serious side of negro music, as presented by painstaking workers such as Mr. Kennedy and others, remains to be developed even further.

In addition to Mr. Kennedy's round dozen of harmonized spirituals, which are, of course, the most valuable feature of his book, he furnishes us with two harmonized folk-songs, "Sugar Babe" and "Put Yo' Honey Lovin' Mind on Me," excellent examples of the more or less raffish every-day tunes of some of the same negroes who sing spirituals on Sundays. Here, too, is a whole treasure house, the contents of which have been touched but lightly; its further exploration, if it is to be done satisfactorily, would call for a suspension of the censorship, perhaps, but it would be worth making. Sex plays a large part in the life of the more or less primitive folk who "birth" spirituals, and they sing its delights with refreshing originality and complete frankness. Would Mr. Sumner be willing to admit that there are a sufficient number of adults in America to permit of the collection and circulation of such a collection? One wonders.

In addition to these fourteen harmonized songs, in which Mr. Kennedy proves himself as sound a musician as he is a folklorist, he also gives the words of seven unharmonized spirituals, and sixteen ballads without music. This is a volume that is in every sense worthy of its predecessor, which remains one of the finest of such collections available anywhere.

Spain's Greatest Writer

CERVANTES. By T. R. YBARRA. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by RUDOLPH SCHEVILL

IN his foreword the author says: "This is about a man who wrote a great book, not about the great book that he wrote," and he has produced a kindly work destined for the gentle reader. It would be futile and unreasonable to train the heavy guns of academic criticism on the result and make easy captives of the occasional inaccuracies due to the author's disregard for cold facts found in archives which have a heartless way of destroying more pleasant legends. In spite of his avowed purpose to present to us only the man and to neglect the great book, the best and most eloquent pages concern only the latter, and the man stands out in a rather one-sided portraiture. Cervantes himself could have protested against a presentation consisting too largely of sugar and virtue with almost none of the ingredients of blood and earth. Thus he is again and again pictured as very honorable, generous, with kindly eyes and Castilian obeisance, valiant, of sweet disposition and a forgiving nature, and so forth. This does not fit him adequately into the Renaissance background of his times or of his associates; it does not take into consideration that a fighting personality may create a kindly writer, and that the best of us is a sorry mixture of good and evil. In Cervantes were many men, and not for nothing has he brought out this fact in his greatest book. There is a combination and contrast of at least two or more persons within us who set out together on every one of life's adventures. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza represent this duality in all of their interpretations of life and in their inferences from what they see: the brave man and the coward, the idealist and the realist, the wise and the foolish, in short, the good and the bad or the black and the white. These opposites reside in all of us, and Cervantes revealed them better than anyone. It is thus not so much a matter of contrasts and antitheses in life without, but in the soul within.

Mr. Ybarra builds up several bits of imaginary conversation on the strength of a single phrase handed down by tradition. This is very difficult to do convincingly and the result is more fitting for juvenile literature than for adult. Thus what Cervantes may have shouted when rushing into action in the greatest battle of his career had better be left unsaid. It probably was not, "Forward, are we not Spaniards?" The opening chapter which is wholly devoted to a description of the battle of Lepanto makes a rattling send-off for the story of any man, but gives the episode a disproportionate amount of space and importance. There is a great deal of amusing anger expended on some of Cervantes's contemporaries who failed to recognize his merits. There is "gloomy King Philip" whose ignorance of so much greatness under his very nose brings the author's cudgels into action repeatedly; there are the unresponsive patrons who failed to pick out our novelist for their largesse from the crowd of bootlicking scribblers who surrounded them; there is the unknown Avellaneda who wrote the spurious second part of Don Quixote in the hope of snatching Cervantes's meager profits. In fact, a whole chapter is devoted to his offense, and having consigned him to outer darkness, the author dismisses him with the pious wish, "May he not rest in peace." And then there is the poor shepherdess, Galatea. The author seems to resent the fact that Cervantes wrote anything besides "Don Quixote," and hopes that beyond the grave the great writer has forgotten that he ever wrote the first part of his Pastoral and even projected a second.

Seriously the chief defect of this book is the slight regard in which the author holds the contemporary writers of the Golden Age. For Lope de Vega he has only contempt, and his "output" he deems wholly forgotten, being apparently unaware that his works are printed continuously with painstaking care, that his autograph plays are being edited with elaborate studies. This service one would like indeed to be able to perform for Cervantes, but to our regret there is no autograph of any of his literary works extant; not even the appeal to Philip the Second, mistaken for an autograph and described by the author on page 156 as: "worn, quaint, besealed, with crabbed, laborious handwriting meandering across its yellowish face," has more than the signature in the hand of Cervantes.

The great body of Renaissance lyric poetry is waved aside, and the satirists, mystics, and historians of the times have composed their works "in a mediocre Castilian prose." Perhaps we ought to forgive the author his inordinate regard for Cervantes alone which makes him blind to the merits of his famous contemporaries, for it is always tempting to extol so fascinating a hero and to see no defect in a creative genius who has from the very outset given only infinite delight to all mankind.

Introduction to Medievalism

THE END OF THE ANCIENT WORLD AND THE BEGINNINGS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By FERDINAND LOT. Translated by P. and M. LEON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931.

Reviewed by CHARLES H. TAYLOR

BY well established convention, carried on by text-books, general histories, and academic courses, most of us have learned history in terms of clear-cut "ages," labelled Greek or Roman or Renaissance. We tend very easily to think of these ages as sharply separated. A valuable feature of Professor Lot's volume, covering the third to the eighth centuries, is that it overlaps two such traditional compartments and connects them so clearly as to emphasize the factor of continuity. Though we hear often of the medieval debt to Rome, I know of no other work in English which shows the necessity of the debt by a full and satisfactory treatment of the transition from Rome to the Middle Ages, giving the pattern as well as the threads of continuity.

This feature of the book is perhaps implicit rather than explicit. In fact, one of Lot's main theses emphasizes the vast difference in psychology and outlook between the man of the third century and the man of the seventh. He allows "not a thought in common" to these men. In view of his own evidence of the strong survival of classical institutions and traditions, however they were warped, such description of an undoubted change seems to express the matter too strongly. A complete "break in psychological continuity" is hard to find.

Interesting as the book is in giving a solid introduction to the Middle Ages, its interest is by no means limited to those who approach it from a medieval standpoint. A good half of the work deals with the fascinating period of the "fall" of Rome. Lot's procedure is to explain the immediate "fall" of the fourth and fifth centuries by a detailed investigation of the condition of the Roman world at the time. In the course of analyzing these conditions, he discloses their origins, the true causes of the "fall." If he advances, wisely, no single final cause, in choosing to emphasize certain features (such as, politically, the lack of a real constitution) he is bound to enter controversial ground. One may not agree on this count or that, but the general reader will be grateful for unequivocal decision and the specialist will enjoy the presentation of the arguments. Among the debatable theses may be cited Lot's contention that Constantine's conversion was of a personal rather than a political nature, that it was not the inevitable capitulation of Rome to a triumphant religion, and that it ranks high as an example of the decisive intervention of personality in history. Or, his conviction that the decline of classical art and literature was largely due to the dead weight of the classical tradition itself, which lacked the self-renewing qualities of subjective romanticism. Lot devotes much attention to the economics of Rome, and though he wrote before Rostovtzeff's great contribution in that field, his discussion of the weaknesses of the Roman system, its inadequate capitalism and unprogressive industry, does not lose force.

The book is not of one piece or one style, and its balance is good. Descriptive parts, dealing with institutions, social or economic life, and culture, combine lucidity with a wealth of detail not to be found in the ordinary treatment. Such sections are varied by chapters of unusually clear narrative: for the reviewer, the test was that the German invasions and post-invasion kingdoms, usually so arid and tangled, took on color and form. Finally, though the book is not presenting any single theses it is enlivened by frequent and frank opinions and judgments, brought out in forceful summaries or conclusions. The high literary quality of the original style could not be entirely preserved in the translation.

St. Thomas Aquinas

THE ANGELIC DOCTOR. The Life and Thought of Saint Thomas Aquinas. By JACQUES MARITAIN. Translated by F. SCANLON. New York: Dial Press. 1931. $2.50.

IN writing of St. Thomas Aquinas, Jacques Maritain, that vigorous Catholic polemicist, uses a much softer pen than he wields when dealing with such inimical figures as Descartes, Luther, or Rousseau. There is no suggestion here of the sharp critical analysis which has extorted admiration even from Maritain's opponents. "The Angelic Doctor" is conceived throughout in a spirit of exaggerated piety. M. Maritain forgets that criticism is a much higher form of compliment than indiscriminate eulogy. St. Thomas himself, lover of debate and argument, would have disdained such milk-and-water treatment as he here receives.

In his uncritical admiration of the thirteenth century, M. Maritain accepts its superstitions and follies along with its wisdom. Thus in the brief biographical sketch at the beginning of the volume he tells us without a smile that, according to the testimony of eye-witnesses, Saint Thomas could not only dictate to four amanuenses at once but could even continue this dictation in his sleep, and he goes on gravely to tell how the saint was blessed by visits from the Virgin, Saint Peter, and St. Paul, how he discussed theology with the departed spirit of Friar Romano, and how, shortly before his death, a basket of sardines was miraculously changed into the basket of fresh herring which he craved.

After resurrecting these relics of medieval hagiography, M. Maritain goes on to argue that Thomism, as interpreted by him, offers the one sure sanctuary of reason for our irrational age. He is at great pains to justify the supervision of the Church over philosophy. "To be limited in its freedom to make a mistake," he writes, "is in reality a great benefit to philosophy." But it is evident that M. Maritain is really concerned with casuistry, rather than philosophy. This makes his book almost an insult to the great philosopher with whom it deals.

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RECENT FICTION AND BIOGRAPHY

Ships That Pass in the Night

NIGHT IN THE HOTEL. By ELIOT CRAWSHAY-WILLIAM. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

THE plan of this first novel is interesting and not a little daring. Mr. Crawshay-Williams takes for his scene the Hôtel des Anges et d'Albion, situated on the slopes of Montboron, behind Nice. Here he assembles (in a prologue) twenty-two plausible guests—a group thoroughly British except for a French family of three. Then he follows them, one by one, and occasionally by couples, through the evening to their various beds; and he watches them until they sleep. As partial justification for this markedly centrifugal narrative is Mr. Crawshay-Williams's feeling that the night of a hotel may somehow become a unified thing, may be demonstrated to be a well defined social situation; he holds that these lives whose orbits momentarily cut across one another are not so completely disassociated as one might at first suppose. This scheme for a novel presents many and obvious difficulties; however, it is surely full of agreeable possibilities. Mr. Crawshay-Williams has fallen into some of the traps, but he has taken full advantage of many of the opportunities. At his best he is ironical, understanding, entertaining; a story-teller of imagination and insight. At his worst, his reach exceeds his grasp.

Thus, in a prologue, an epilogue, and a series of brief sketches, the night of a hotel is set forth. Any one character has the center of the narrative for only a few moments before we pass on to another and these brief glimpses are usually more like short stories than chapters in a novel. Mr. Crawshay-Williams is under the cloud of believing that he must give to each one of his persons something rather special—emotionally or physically—as a happening for this night. It is here that the novel is weakest and least credible. But in general, as we follow the characters, we quickly come to sense the novel's persuasiveness. Obviously, it was written by someone who knows his way in the social world, someone who is pleasantly intimate with human nature. Above all, we feel that the author is sympathetic and pitying, as he lays bare his characters. They come and go; they are seldom happy for more than a few minutes; none is either good or bad—but of a true humanity.

Probably this novel will not please a wide public. It will be too bitter for some, for others too frank in its treatment of sex, and for many casual readers too much the experimental novel. Certainly it is not what semi-literate folk call "a good story"; rather, it is a novel for readers who can appreciate Mr. Crawshay-Williams's difficulties and successes. This latter group will feel that though "Night in the Hotel" has been fabricated with less than first-class craftsmanship, it is nevertheless interesting, and written with both warmth and subtlety. Furthermore, it brings along a fresh novelist who has had courage to be quite himself.

The Old Order Passes

CASTLE ISLAND. By R. H. MOTTRAM. New York: Harper & Bros. 1931. $2.50.

STEPHEN DORMER was the last of his kind, and in chronicling his passing Mr. Mottram gives us a saddening chapter in the social history of provincial England. The death of a class is not necessarily to be regretted, for we can never be sure that the new order is not somehow to be more beneficial than the old. Yet, like Mr. Mottram, we feel that the Dormers were important, and in general a good influence upon their community; certainly they were decorative and reassuring.

Stephen, of the fourth generation to live in the great house that held Doughty's Bank, unquestionably was of the aristocracy. He assumed that he was, and so did the whole of Easthampton. While a boy, he perceived nothing that was not settled, predictable, and an assurance of his family's value to the town. This was in '97, and, as Mr. Mottram sees it, the beginning of the end. But so far, to the young, imaginative Stephen, the Bank had been Castle Island in the Red Sea of roofs and chimney pots, safe and eternal. Things happened, though, and all of them were disturbing. The coming of the wires along the street, the collapse of his supposedly impregnable father, the vagaries of the suffragettes, the Boer war, the death of Victoria, the absorption of the bank, and the almost fantastic necessity for retreat from Castle Island—no one of these wounds would have been mortal of itself, but in sequence they became cumulatively disastrous. The Dormer tradition had slipped helplessly towards sordid, spiritless defeat. Individual integrity and the pride of traditional place were no longer sound coin of the realm.

Thus, "Castle Island" is a melancholy novel, affecting us directly in proportion as we value and are sensitive to the qualities that we see defeated. An unbelieving, anti-British reader would perhaps say that the victory over Dormerism was desirable, that this novel is mere sentimentality, mere nostalgia induced by romanticism. But Mr. Mottram is on the whole convincing, and we are led to look at the Dormers through his eyes, to value them as he does. Certainly his pity and tenderness are contagious, and in passages that are often of high effectiveness, we see ourselves in the Dormers, and we watch our own kind go down in bewildered grief. Therein lies the excellence of the novel, and for that it should be read.

Not that "Castle Island" is a novel to praise highly or to recommend indiscriminately. It will be too quiet for some, too sociological for others; and only the least critical readers will feel that Mr. Mottram could not have shaped it more soundly. Often the narrative is erratically paced, and hence wearying; and almost always there is a barefaced, unresolved duality of purpose—the didactic and the purely fictional sitting uneasily side by side. The ending is clumsy, in bad literary taste. Defects such as these are continuously noticeable and inevitably dull our pleasure. But the pleasure is there, just the same, and when we finish we feel that we have overheard a tired man quietly protesting the changes of the years. It is worth the listening. And throughout, as we expect from Mr. Mottram, the novel is admirable in local color, in sensitiveness to the aspects of physical things, and in the analysis of the characters.

The Civil War South

MANY THOUSANDS GONE. By JOHN PEALE BISHOP. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS book contains a number of independent stories of the South in the last century; the first takes place a little before the Civil War; the last covers a long period of time, beginning in the early post-bellum days and coming down almost to the present; the others are all concerned with the war. The longest of the stories, which gives its title to the book, was the prize-winner in *Scribner's* Long Story Contest.

"Many Thousand Gone" itself is hardly a narrative, but a picture of a few days of the war in one little Southern town. The technique is reminiscent of the work of Mr. Thomas Beer; it consists in bringing into juxtaposition a number of incidents which appear at first unrelated, until one perceives that dissimilar as they are, they are all manifestations of a single spirit. The style also resembles Mr. Beer's in its occasional concentration of the attention upon a single vivid physical detail, often a bright color, as when the author says of a soldier that "he wound his waist with scarlet." Many characters appear and pass by, professional soldiers, doing a disagreeable job as well as they can; raw boys in uniform, losing their heads among the opportunities of a conquering army; women bent on maintaining their pride and others bent on making terms; faithful negroes and insolent, threatening negroes. The dazzling series of episodes in which they all figure is at first confusing, but it is a calculated confusion, meant to convey to the reader something of the turmoil of any war, and the tumultuous conflict of emotions in a civil war. And presently there emerges a single impression from all the conflict, the idea of the disintegrating effect of war. Institutions, human relationships, discipline, self-respect—all are shown cracking. Some are entirely broken, some are hurt only a little, but nothing is altogether whole at the end.

The other stories in the volume are more conventional in approach. They are in various moods; the earliest, a story of two lovers separated by an old woman, is gently melancholy; the last, of two maiden ladies completely enslaved by a perfect negro servant, who feeds them well but extravagantly, furnishes their house in a beautifully pure but very uncomfortable Colonial taste, and molds their lives, whether they like it or not, into those of gentlewomen of the old school, is fantastically humorous. The intervening stories, of the war years, are various also, but through them there runs the common thread of the effect of war on men and women, breaking the weak and brutalizing the strong. The stories all carry the ring of truth; one could match them all in the reminiscences of old ladies still alive; even the rather conventional incidents in them, like that of the mistress of the house turning back the invaders by sheer habitual imperiousness, are conventional only because they happened so often in fact. It is a good painting that Mr. Bishop has made of the War in the South, significant, but not sentimental.

A New Burns Biography

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS. By CATHERINE CARSWELL. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $3.75.

Reviewed by J. DELANCEY FERGUSON

IT would be hard to find a book which better illustrated than this the triumphs and disasters of applying to biography the narrative technique of the novel.

Since Mrs. Carswell's publishers have chosen to stress her story of the "Highland Mary" episode, let it exemplify the pitfalls of her technique. The only unquestionably authentic records of that affair are the inscriptions in the Bible which Burns is alleged to have given to Mary, three of his early songs, and the later "Thou lingering star," together with the studiously vague references to Mary in notes and letters which accompanied transcripts of these poems. On these scanty foundations, enlarged by unlimited imagination and gossip, sentimental biographers have built a tale of a lily maid of Astolat who was blamelessly loved by an Ayrshire Galahad. But when Mary Campbell's remains were exhumed in 1921 a fragment of an infant's coffin was found in her grave. The child may or may not have been hers. If it was, we have at any rate a comprehensible motive for Burns's unique reticence about the affair. Of all his casual amours, this alone ended in tragedy. Yet on that fragment of coffin Mrs. Carswell has built a story fully as detailed as the older one, though in fact her hypothesis—which premises a depth of affection for Mary difficult to reconcile with the evidences of continued love for Jean Armour in the poet's letters during the spring and summer of 1786—is only one of several which might be erected on the same foundation. And the same scarcity of material results in the same weakness in most of the account of Burns's early life, and of his father.

The merits of Mrs. Carswell's chapters, indeed, vary directly with the amount of first-hand documentary evidence available. The preposterous flirtation with Clarinda has never been so well summed up as in her pages, and the same is true of most of her account of Burns's sojourn in Edinburgh. In her narrative of his later life she effectually disposes of the legend of his moral deterioration during the Dumfries period. Here, as elsewhere, she reveals a mastery of the whole mass of Burns literature, but, as elsewhere also, she sometimes fails to discriminate between documented fact and traditional gossip. Her version, for instance, of the drunken brawl at Friars Carse which provoked the poet's unhappy breach with the Riddell family, accepts without question the "Rape of the Sabines" story, though that story did not appear in print until fifty years after the death of the last principal in the affair, is not corroborated by the abject letter of apology which Burns wrote to Mrs. Riddell, and was apparently unknown to Allan Cunningham, who spent his whole youth in the neighborhood of the scene.

This "Life" may be commended without reserve as the most readable book about Burns which has ever appeared, but in the almost total absence of documentation it can safely be treated as reliable biography only by those readers who know the basic literature well enough to be able to discriminate between fact and conjecture. Among its positive merits, however, one should not omit to mention that it gives in an appendix the entire text of the bawdy but delightful "Court of Equity."

Augustus Caesar

THE ARCHITECT OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By T. RICE HOLMES. New York: Oxford University Press. $5.

THIS study of the statesmanship of Augustus is neither a large nor a pretentious book. Several things, however, conspire to give it unusual importance from the point of view of the historical scholar. In the first place, it is the work of an expert in the field, the latest study of a mature and brilliant mind. In the second place, the subject is really the collapse of the Roman democracy, and this subject can hardly fail to have an absorbing interest for the world of today and more particularly perhaps for the world of America. It is not necessary to be a calamity howler to stress the importance for America of a complete study of the downfall of the greatest republic of antiquity and more especially of the reorganization which gave it a new life under a new form for centuries to follow. This is the real subject of the present book.

Dr. Holmes has long been known as the historian of Julius Cæsar. Now, in his later years, he has brought to bear on the early career of Augustus his mastery of this crucial period. Method and style are both familiar. Step by step he follows through every detail of the stormy years without ever losing the thread or failing to carry his reader with him. There is an effect of dryness about the crisp sentences that disdain rhetoric, but there is no dry reading throughout the book.

Very few new theories are presented. The book rather tells an important story in a readable fashion but with the accuracy of true scholarship. The author is particularly at home in military history and the brilliant accounts of Phillippi and Actium carry complete conviction. There is a noticeable absence of the partisanship so generally present in works dealing with either Julius or Augustus Cæsar and which marred even the great works of Mommsen and Edouard Meyer. At the same time there is none of the magnificent but dangerous guesswork of Ferrero. Every statement finds ample justification in the eighty pages of Part Two. Packed with a clear discussion of sources, both primary and secondary, this mechanical arrangement avoids the necessity of an inordinate number of footnotes and makes the main part of the book more readable.

Dr. Holmes in his preface expresses strong doubt of his ability to finish the history of Augustus. The present volume covers only the seventeen years from the famous Ides of March to the establishment of the Principate in 27 B.C. It is certainly to be hoped that the author's fears may prove groundless and that he may live to write the really competent history of the greatest Roman statesman.

"At the State Library in Unter den Linden, Berlin," says a correspondent from that city to the London *Observer*, "twelve thousand volumes collected by Napoleon and his Queen Marie Louise have been placed on view for the next few weeks. In the collection magnificent leather bindings and fine illustrations grace works which are representative of the finest spirits of the day. French connoisseurs inspecting them remark on the absence of those lighter volumes of the classics, with gay pictures, which played so large a part in the library of the Empress Josephine."

"Here and there the arms of the King of Rome have been stamped on the bindings—a sign that the library was carefully planned for the ultimate use of a young man whose intellect was the concern of his parents."

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

The South and Labor

WHEN SOUTHERN LABOR STIRS. By Tom Tippett. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. $2.50.

THE coming of industry to the South has been the subject of a series of studies in the past few years, but most of those which have dealt with it in general terms have centered on its business rather than on its labor aspect. "When Southern Labor Stirs" is a review of the situation from the latter angle. It is a survey of recent events in the textile industry undertaken with the intent of analyzing both what the strategy of organized labor in relation to them has been and to what extent that strategy has been adequate. This definite aim makes the book much more than an account (though it is by far the best available account) of the Elizabethton, Gastonia, Marion, and Danville strikes, for its interest is not only in stating what occurred there, but in weighing the decisions taken by the several labor organizations that entered the field in an effort to estimate their effectiveness.

The first few chapters on the general condition of the Southern branch of the industry and its workers, and the structure and affiliations of the two textile organizations which operated in one or the other of the strike cities, will serve as useful background to readers unfamiliar with the complexities of American trade unionism, who have previously heard no more about the strikes than appeared in the newspapers. The accounts of the three strikes of 1929 which follow add to the facts which the discriminating reader could have gained from the press, the story of what was going on behind the union scenes, a story which is extremely pertinent to the succeeding chapter which covers a period about which no one else has recently written, the months after the strikes and what was left in the way of aftermath among the union and former union members in the three defeated towns.

From this the analysis swings out beyond the textile industry to the larger general campaign to unionize the South fostered by the American Federation of Labor and carried on in a haphazard fashion from the end of 1929, but it returns to the trade with the Federation's test case which took place at Danville at the end of 1930. The failure of that strike, whose facts are given in full here for the first time, is made the basis for the question, If these methods fail, what would work?

The whole book, as well as the final chapter, is really a challenge to the American Federation of Labor to exchange its antiquated thinking and dilatory methods for a coherent and vigorous strategy based on the Southern mill situation as it is. Mr. Tippett scores the latter-day respectability of the Federation craftsmen which makes them shrink from all that is militant, their theory of selling the union idea to the boss first and then organizing a union (which collapses into helplessness when the boss says thanks, but he doesn't care to have a union organized), and their failure to build up, as a fundamental prerequisite to any serious organization campaign, a series of services adequate to deal with all aspects of the situation. The successful waging of a modern strike requires a staff capable of handling problems of industrial technique arising during settlement negotiations, legal questions, publicity, finance, welfare and relief, as well as the board of strategy on whom the burden of conducting the campaign proper must necessarily rest.

The concept of a single plant as an integral part of the whole of industry, and of industry as a segment of the community at large, is a concept which official American labor has not been, and is not being, quick to recognize. Its outlook and strategy are to a great extent left over from the early days of its consolidation, when American economic life was far less integrated than it is now, when the forces making for the success or failure of an organizing effort were far simpler and far more localized than they are today. Tom Tippett, who comes originally from the Illinois mine workers and who has recently been doing extension work for Brookwood Labor College, is in the almost unique position of knowing the facts about present-day situations, of having a modern idea of what to do about them, and of being in an organizational relationship which permits him to say what he thinks. If and when the American Labor movement can recruit and accept leadership which maintains the kind of idealism along with the realistic grasp of actualities indicated throughout this book, conditions such as those which caused the spontaneous outbreaks of Southern textile workers are likely to be eliminated from American industry. And not until then.

"Boss" of the Senate

NELSON W. ALDRICH: A Leader in American Politics. By Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by Royal J. Davis

THE House of Representatives has had two Speakers whom many of its members angrily dubbed "Czar"—Reed and Cannon. The Senate has had only one "boss," and denunciation of his tactics was expressed by persons outside of the Senate rather than by any large number of Senators. For no Senator, not even Nelson W. Aldrich, could dream of limiting debate, restricting the offering of amendments to bills, and dictating the privilege of the floor as Reed and Cannon were able to do in the Speaker's chair, session after session. Aldrich's domination was due to his intellectual and personal qualities. He convinced, he persuaded, he compromised, he overbore, he outmanœuvred, yielding when yielding was necessary or when it paid. In a word, he gradually showed himself to be of the stuff of which leaders are made, and in the Senate, as would have been true anywhere else, this demonstration ultimately gave him the reins. He was sixty-seven when, following the deaths of Allison and Orville H. Platt and the withdrawal from public life of Spooner, he became, in the words of his biographer "the undisputed master of the Senate." This height he reached in 1908. He held it for five years.

But the most striking incident in Aldrich's career does not belong to his quinquennium of greatest power. It is one of which Professor Stephenson is the discoverer—a "gentlemen's agreement" between President Roosevelt and five conservative Republican Senators, Aldrich, Allison, Hanna, Lodge, and Spooner, at a secret conference at Oyster Bay. Professor Stephenson's account of this conference displays both the virtues and the vices that mark his book as a whole. The story of the meeting, necessarily pieced out from letters which say as little as possible about it and from speeches which avow nothing of their origin, is related with such detail and even picturesqueness as is suggested by a knowledge of the political issues of the hour and of the half-dozen men at the gathering. But it wastes space on an owlish whimsicality. The agreement set a conservative course for the Administration, especially with reference to the tariff, which was not revised during Roosevelt's seven years in the White House, but it would be easy to overemphasize its importance. Professor Stephenson himself terms it "tentative and transitional."

Aldrich's distinctive achievement was his paving of the way for the Federal Reserve System, not the least interesting feature of his activity being the fact that he began as an opponent of the idea of a central bank. The tragedy of his political life was that the financial edifice which he had hoped to construct was built by other hands, with him relegated to the rôle of a mere observer.

In presenting the political panorama of the Aldrich era Professor Stephenson is able to fill in some gaps and thus to offer a better record than we have had hitherto. This he does, for instance, when he shows how the Dingley Tariff Bill of 1897 was affected by the desire of the Aldrich Senatorial group not to offend the bimetallists of France. Consciousness of this new material, on the other hand, sometimes betrays him into a distorted perspective, as when he insists that the "gold plank" of the Republican convention of 1896 is miscalled and that what the famous plank actually did was to effect a compromise based upon opposition to free silver except by international agreement, the gold standard to be preserved until such agreement could be obtained. But this view ignores the popular understanding of what had been done and makes entirely too much of the elaborate gesture of sending a commission on international bimetallism to Europe. In general, however, despite a tendency to over-subtlety, especially in analysis of motive, Professor Stephenson has produced a clear and rounded portrait of one of the outstanding figures of our political history.

The Artist Sees Differently

THE ARTIST SEES DIFFERENTLY: Essays based on the Philosophy of a Collection in the Making. New York: E. Weyhe, and Washington, D. C.: Phillips Memorial Gallery. 1931. 2 vols.

Reviewed by Frank Jewett Mather

IN that important branch of criticism which involves the giving of generous and discriminating praise, Mr. Phillips is one of our masters. These essays are so many seasoned records of the enthusiasms which have impelled his purchases for the Phillips Memorial Gallery. There is a sprinkling of general esthetic discussion, but this is neither of the essence, nor yet the more significant contribution of the book. Where Mr. Phillips is at his best, where his own temperamental romanticism comes legitimately into play, is in his eulogy of the great lyrical artists. It would be hard to find anything better of its kind than the brief essays on Van Gogh and Bonnard, or, for that matter, the incidental notes on El Greco.

From Daumier and Manet to Karl Knaths and Harold Weston the laudation runs. Picasso has his meed of praise, and so has Arthur B. Davies. Derain is on the whole the hero among the modernists, Matisse is canonized only with considerable reservations. Throughout one has the working of an enthusiastic, flexible, and finely informed mind and temperament, with the grace, rare in criticism of this expansive type, of tolerance and the desire to be just to artists and critics of a sort unsympathetic to Mr. Phillips's own way of thinking.

The title essay, "The Artist Sees Differently," strikes the keynote of the book. The artist should be an individualist; it is his only salvation. Of course Mr. Phillips knows perfectly well that merely to exploit one's individuality or idiosyncrasy will not make a good artist, and it is on such issues of larger principles that his book is defective. He seems to accept a general relativity, ignoring the fact that on the greater issues of taste we have historically a sufficient, if not an absolute, authority. It is not in doubt that Raphael is a great painter, though our orientation towards his greatness changes somewhat generation by generation. Probably Mr. Phillips does not really mean to make a clean sweep of all the findings in taste of the past, in Cartesian fashion, but his reader is in some danger of thinking that such is his attitude.

It may seem a small matter that Mr. Phillips believes a humanistic critic is "embattled only for the past," but it also betrays a misunderstanding of a rather serious order. Surely in their own minds Mr. Babbitt and Mr. Moore, and their associates, are embattled to save the present. It may not need to be saved—that is a matter of opinion—but at least the humanist thinks it does, and he is by no means working merely as an archæologist in morals.

Of course there is an unfairness in seeming to expect an avowedly romantic critic of natural lyrical gifts to cultivate the caution of a Leo Stein or the dogmatism of a Wilenske. We ourselves require nothing of the sort, but are entirely willing to enjoy Mr. Phillips's writing on its own terms—as the adventures of a soul among pictures. A visit to the Phillips Memorial Gallery will persuade any reader who may be offish towards the sustained fervor of the style, that these adventures have after all been guided not merely by a great generosity and open-mindedness, but also by a very discriminating taste.

The book is very handsomely made, and with its accompanying volume of 244 plates from pictures in the Phillips Memorial Gallery is a valuable resource for the study of recent painting at its high points, and an extraordinary money's worth.

Stella Benson's "The Faraway Bride" (published in England as "Tobit Transplanted") has been chosen by the English P. E. N. Club as "the best representative British work of the last two years."

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Foreign Literature

Han Painting

DIE CHINESISCHE MALEREI DER HAN DYNASTY. Von OTTO FISCHER. Berlin: Paul Neff. 1931.

Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

AMONG nations of the Western world none has evinced so great an interest in Chinese art as has the United States of America, and no Western museums contain such treasures of Far Eastern art as do the cities of the New World. Dr. Fischer's splendid book should, therefore, arouse great interest among those American collectors who are fortunate enough to obtain a copy of the extremely small edition now published.

The author has striven to give a picture of the earliest Chinese painting accessible to us and in so doing has thrown a brilliant searchlight not only on life as it was lived under the Han, but also on the all-important burial customs, and the conceptions of life-after-death, current at that time.

The influence of the Han dynasties stretched from two centuries before, until two centuries after, the opening of our era. During these four hundred years the mould was formed in which Chinese life, both political and cultural, was cast, with certain modifications, for the next two millenniums. Much has been written in regard to possible foreign influences in the forming of this mould, but after a study of the plates published by Dr. Fischer, and a perusal of his arguments, it would be a stiff-necked reader indeed who did not exclaim with him, the elements seem "as Chinese as possible!"

Although we have no examples of pre-Han painting, we have the tradition of its existence, we know the names of certain painters and of the subjects which they depicted, and we realize that it played a definite role in the life of men. It is only in the last few years that original documents have appeared from the graves of China, and her borderlands—Turkestan, Mongolia, Manchuria, and Korea. These documents enable Dr. Fischer to form for us an idea of the Chinese cultural mould as it existed before any modifications—the most important of these was of course Buddhism—entered into its composition. He descends into the crypt and receives with pious hands from the age-long dead, evidences of the life they had lived when on earth, and of the life they hoped to live when the soul descended to the Yellow Springs, or travelled to the Western Paradise. The documents are twofold: those on which line drawings are executed, and those on which paintings are shown. The drawings with their marvellous swing of line appear on bronze vessels inlaid with gold, silver, and electrum; on hollow bricks, and on stone or slate slabs. Beautiful examples of each form are illustrated. What can be more rhythmic than the curve of the dragon in the center of the bronze dish, plates 28-31, what more sinuous than the feline beast, or what more impish than the little sprites shown upon its border? As to the illustrations of the funeral feast from the tomb of Chu Wei, an official who lived in the first half of the first century of our era, they are magnificent! The portrait heads, plates 51 and 52, must surely take their places in the history of world art. By a happy chance the all-seeing eye of Dr. Fischer discovered the rubbings of these, the finest of Han bas-reliefs, when he was travelling in China; they are reproduced in positive and in negative.

The paintings, until lately unknown, are now shown on stuffs, on vessels, and on furnishings found in tombs. The marvellous silk strip, plate 56, not only gives us an idea of the color used under the Han, but is an invaluable document in the study of Chinese landscape painting. The pictures on the circular lacquer tray, produced A. D. 69, plate 58, are marvels of impressionistic skill and brush control. They are verily "trifles light as air."

Other fragments of Han painting exist and, in addition to these, one great work. We speak of the set of five hollow tiles, plates 64-73, presented in 1925 by Dr. Denman Ross to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The one colored plate in Dr. Fischer's book is rightly devoted to a scene from one of these, and his delightful description of the whole must be read to be appreciated. I quote but one sentence: "But what a rich development in the art of representation must have taken place during these four hundred years, that such freedom of execution is possible. It is, to speak in a European idiom, the last degree of mannerism, following upon classical and baroque periods; it is indeed rococo, almost impressionistic."

Dr. Fischer's study results in a clear-cut picture of Chinese painting from the first century before Christ until A. D. 300 or so, in a consecutive series of works, which show that the essential means of expression is the line, and that the essential interest lies in movement. These works show indeed that the unshaken foundations of Chinese painting were laid in the Han and preceding times, and that the Chinese do not owe their inspiration to alien civilizations. No—to quote Dr. Fischer once more: "Chinese painting was born and came fully formed into the light under the Han dynasty. Its later developments were predestined by its own unfolding during the period of youthful bloom; and the point of view inherent in the Chinese people expressed itself clearly and comprehensively in their painting."

Stefan George

GEDICHTE. By STEFAN GEORGE. A Selection edited by FRIEDRICH WOLTERS. Breslau: Ferdinand Hirt. 1931.

DER SIEBENTE RING. By STEFAN GEORGE. Berlin: Georg Bondi. 1931.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

WHEN Stefan George attained his sixtieth birthday—three years ago, to be exact, on July 12, 1928—he was honored with the Goethe Prize, and his publishers began to issue a definitive edition of his Collected Works. This has just reached Volume Seven, out of a projected total of eighteen volumes, with "Der Siebente Ring," which was first published in 1907. The German public seems to have awakened to the fact that it has had a notable poet in its midst and, although George is the last person to desire popularity, it seems probable that his reputation will now extend far outside the comparatively narrow circle of admirers which he has had since he first began publishing his work.

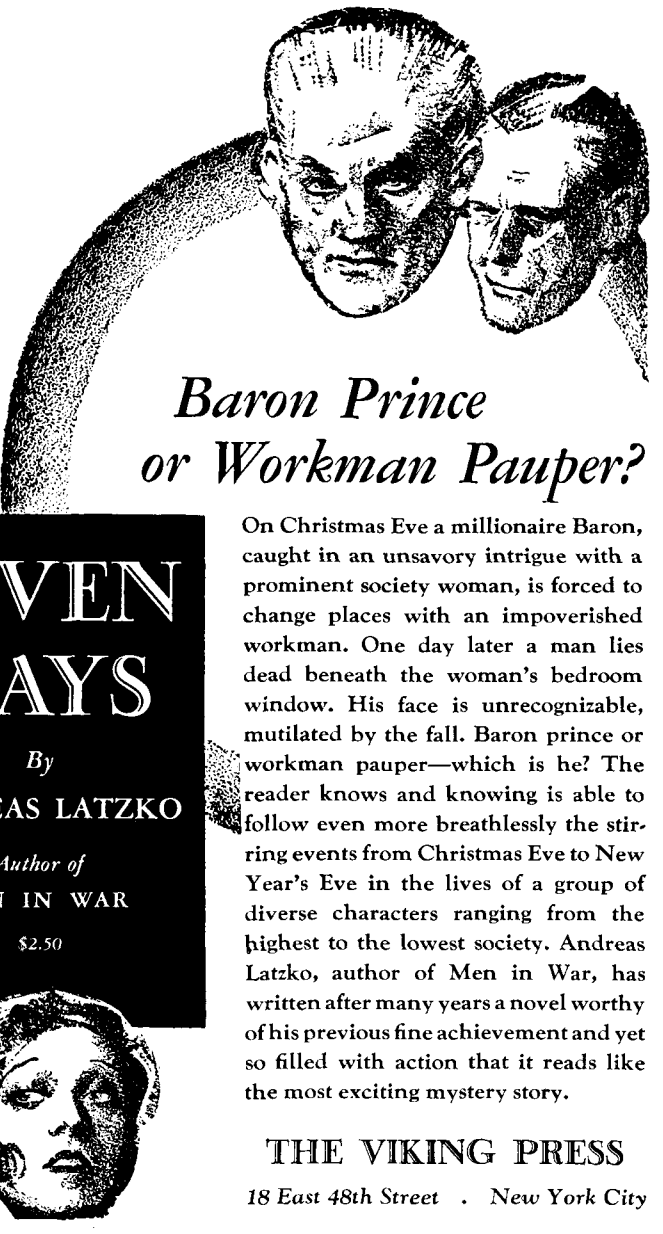
Stefan George began with a deliberate challenge to the fashionable esthetic theory and literary practice of the 'eighties and 'nineties—the theory that all the facts of life were equally fit subjects for poetry, fiction, or drama, the application being seen in the works of Johannes Schlaf, Gerhart Hauptmann, and Arno Holz, to name only three of the large group of German followers of Ibsen, Zola, and Maupassant. George denied that it was the function of poetry to describe, to act as a reporter, to place itself in the service of any program, political or social. The function of poetry was to suggest an atmosphere, to render moods, to distil the essence of human emotions. What went outside this activity turned literature into vulgar propaganda. George expounded his ideas vigorously in an occasional review, called the *Blätter für die Kunst*. "Art for art's sake" was his motto, and his models were Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Rimbaud, and Jean Morés, of whom, with some poems of Dante, and Shakespeare's Sonnets, George has provided the standard German translations.

Almost from the earliest poems George showed a remarkable technical talent. In his hands, as with Rimbaud, vowel-sounds assumed differentiated colors; the devices of assonance, internal rhyme, and changing rhythm—within the limits of regular metrical forms, as a rule—were exploited with a skill hardly ever shown in German poetry before. For example the lyric "Stimmen im Sturm":

Liebende, klagende, zagende wesen,
Nehmt eure zuflucht in unser bereich.
Werdet geniessen und werdet genesen,
Arme und worte umwinden euch weich.

It recalls the ingeniousness of Swinburne. The dropping-out of the capital letter usual with German nouns will be noted. This practice was adopted by George from the beginning, and it persists in his latest poems.

During the war George published a number of eloquent, beautifully-expressed appeals to his fellow-countrymen. He insisted that the worship of materialism led to general decay, and that a nation which had no more appreciation for the magic and mystery of life was heading for disaster. This important group of poems met with little attention; possibly it was regarded as "pacifist," but it was only the reaction of a delicate, sensitive mind and a sympathetic spirit against some of the obvious manifestations of the war spirit. It is good that Herr Wolters—one of the collaborators with George—should have found room for examples of the poet's latest work in his excellent little volume of selections. It shows George's austere poetry at its best. That austerity may have prevented him from receiving the popularity enjoyed by certain of his contemporaries, such as Hofmannsthal or even Rilke, but it insures esteem among all who appreciate true poetry expressing high ideals.



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Points of View

New Words

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am enclosing a little glossary, mostly of new words or expressions, that may be interesting to one interested in new words. Only when one has investigated is it shown how very poorly the dictionary deals with new argot. Take the word "racket" for example. In Funk & Wagnall's we have: "Racket (Slang U. S.), any occurrence or its consequences; a scheme, plan or proceeding or the expense of it; a spree." Now it will be admitted, I think, that a racket has larceny in it, foremost, and all the time. No racketeer who thinks of a racket as an illegal method of making money would know what this dictionary definition meant. Looking up "sucker," we get quite as far away from the modern meaning of the word. "Sucker (Slang). In recent use a foolish fellow; dolt; greenhorn." I protest that neither Texas Guinan or anyone else in a pleasure resort where the word is most often used thinks of a customer as anything like this. A sucker is a guy who readily and painlessly parts with large wads of money. If a dolt or a greenhorn, he would never have made it! Texas's greeting of "Hello, sucker," is only to folks with lots of money able to stand cover and every other kind of impertinent charges.

Personally I like odd slang. Crooks speak of an ordinary thief as a "hood." This is undoubtedly short for hoodlum. They speak of a job of hold-up as a "hoist," which must come from hoisting the hands at the point of a gat. In fiction, of course, I don't believe in using any words that will not be readily understood, through context. My police thriller, "Under Cover Man," which came out recently, doesn't, I think, contain any argot not readily caught by the quick reader.

Among the words and phrases common among racketeers, not yet in general use which I cite there are the following:

Belch—Complaint.
Build—Initial confidence talk.
Buried—Imprisoned.
Cold-Meat Party—Wake or funeral.
Creep-Joint—Gambling joint that moves nightly.
Grease—Money paid for protection, to make business move smoothly.
Heat Is On—Prohibition officers in the neighborhood.
Hot Squat—Electric chair.
In the Bag—Something fixed in advance, as a crooked sporting event.
Jake—Satisfactory. Also a term of agreement.
Jolt—A term in prison.
Jug—Jail; also hoosegow, cannery, poogie, stone mansion, college.
Junk—Narcotics.
Life-boat—A pardon or another trial.
Mark—A victim.
McCoy—Genuine goods; a person dependable.
Mouthpiece—A lawyer.
On Ice—In the penitentiary.
Paper Hanger—Passer of bad checks.
Stiff racket—Death.
Topped—Bumped off.
Uncle—A receiver of stolen goods.
Unfinished Business—A wounded rival.
Yen—Desire. JOHN WILSTACH.

Lew Sarrett

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I must pick a friendly quarrel with Mr. John Hodgdon Bradley, Jr., whose excellent article on the poets of the Northwest appeared in a recent number of your publication. He may even agree with me that his statement about Lew Sarett is a little misleading if read by those who do not know the author of "Many, Many Moons," "The Box of God" (thus, and not, as printed in his commentary, "The Box of Gold"), and "Slow Smoke."

Mr. Bradley says: "Poets are developing, not only in Montana, but throughout the Northwest. Certain individuals are emerging. At the head must be placed Lew Sarett, who lives in Wisconsin, but dreams of the far West." It may be remarked that Mr. Sarett no longer lives in Wisconsin, but at Ravinia, Illinois; except for a brief period of the last four years his home has been in Illinois for a long time. What I wish to correct, however, is the idea that Lew Sarett merely "dreams of the far West."

Although belonging also to the Middle West (geographically and poetically), Sarett has been directly identified with the Northwest. He worked for several years in Wyoming and Montana for the United States National Park Service (as a U. S. Ranger in both Yellowstone National Park and Glacier National Park), and for the United States Department of Commerce, in the Bureau of Fisheries (western Montana). During those years he came to know and love the western country, especially Montana. A good third of his poetry has to do with themes from the region of the Northwest.

Instead of the expression "but dreams of the far West," which implies a limited knowledge of that section of America, it might be better to say "but writes from personal experience about Western subjects with which he is perfectly familiar." He may, while living in the Middle West, dream of the far West, but he does not write about it as a dreamer,—rather, from the vivid memory of days and nights on the forest range. His Western poems prove conclusively that he has thorough and accurate understanding of that region. In addition to dreaming of the far West he has been active as a contributing editor of the *Frontier,* the literary journal that has done much to make the far West articulate.

Of course I cannot refrain from saying, as I close, that though Lew Sarett may continue to dream of the *Northwest,* he also chooses to remain at *Northwestern,* where he still inspires many a student generation.

WILLIAM EBEN SCHULTZ.
Culver-Stockton College
Canton, Missouri.

Sellers and Readers

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

It is just a year, now, since I started this shop and in that comparatively short space of time I have learned much of books and people, particularly people. These last are divided into several classes. First, there is the large but discriminating group which buys fiction and biography. Among the books I have found these people favor are such works as the brilliant "Brief Candles," the workmanlike "Rogue Herries," the delightful "Edwardians"; Mr. Bennett's penetrating study of hotel life, and those strangely related and entertaining stories, "Far-Away Bride" and "The Good Earth." In biography the strong, sometimes charming, but always extremely self-conscious "Story of San Michele" and the account of "Humanity Uprooted," were fast favorites. And what amazed me about the two was that although published in 1929, they gained no real popularity until 1930, when they reached (and maintained) their standing at the head of the list.

The second class, and now I'm talking about people again, are those considered collectors. I say considered because, while many think themselves so, a great many of them are really speculators, and inexperienced at that. (Don't you think it amusing that I should speak of inexperience?) To be sure, there are the legitimate collectors. The word may be badly chosen, but it's the only one that comes to mind. For the inexperienced, I may say that when "Tom Sawyer" brought $1,225 at the Anderson Galleries, as it did recently, dozens of them crowded into the shop in a panting search for bargains in Twain's first editions.

On the other hand, the legitimate collectors go in for what their discrimination has led them to enjoy, even such comparatively young writers as Huxley, Faulkner, Garnett, Thomas Wolfe, and others equally promising—men who they believe are in themselves essentially worth-while—sorry to omit the ladies.

And now we come to the people who can afford the first large paper and signed editions. And I want to wave a redly enthusiastic flag for this beneficent and wisely privileged class. Reasons: They are willing to pay for a beautiful book, perfect typography, and suitable paper; they foster the art of good bookmaking. As this class grows, so the general demand for well made books receives a gradual impetus. One might well attribute the advanced interest in the Fifty Best Books Show put on by the Graphic Arts to the development of this type of bookmaking. And the thing works both ways. For it is obvious that since the show, the format and the typography of even standard books have noticeably improved.

Those are the people; now for the bookseller. The ideal bookseller to my mind (and I am definitely not) has the following qualities: observation, tact, and business sense. The first enables him when he greets a customer to discern whether the victim wants to browse about alone or whether he, or she, wishes to be shown things and talked to; the second tells him whether the customer has popular or individual taste; the third is the ability to draw the customer from a $3.50 biography to a signed limited edition of the same, and selling it without the victim's being conscious of any salesmanship on his, the bookseller's, part. This last quality, perhaps, is the combination of its predecessors plus a little extra something not easy to define. But it solves the problem and keeps the bookseller solvent, too. And, after all, where would the public be without us? NAT HOOPER.
New York City.

Appreciation

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Exigencies of space or some other accident may be the explanation of cutting from my review (your issue of July 4th) of volume 1 of the British Museum Catalogue the paragraph in which I tried to express the appreciation I felt scholarship and productive research on this side of the water owes to the Rockefeller Foundation for its grant of $100,000 as an aid to American subscribers to the new catalogue.

In the preface to the work Mr. Marsden forgot to indicate any interest in the project on this side of the Atlantic. There is no need to enter into any quantitative valuation of sympathy and support, but there certainly is no doubt that American research and scholarship have once more received from the Rockefeller Foundation important aid and encouragement. I tried to say that in the review, failed there, and trust I may be permitted to say it in this fashion.

H. M. LYDENBERG,
Assistant Director.
New York City.

Matthew Arnold

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

With the consent and coöperation of the Arnold family I am making a study of Matthew Arnold's relations with America, and particularly of his visits here in 1883-84 and 1886. Although the newspapers and periodicals have preserved rather full accounts of his lecture tour, much of this material is repetitious and impersonal, and some of it is certainly apocryphal.

Arnold several times read to small groups some selections from his works. I should be glad to learn what pieces he read, and what comments he made on them.

I shall also be very grateful if any persons who have letters from Arnold, or any letters describing him and his lectures, or any other first-hand information about his relations with America, will allow me to examine such material. Copies would be made promptly and the originals returned by registered mail. No material would be published without the consent of the owner.

CHILSON H. LEONARD
Leet Oliver Hall, Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

American Book Censorship

To the Editor of The Saturday Review:
Sir:

Apropos your paragraph on Irish Censorship—no one could entertain a greater contempt than I have for the average Irish mentality. A small nation sodden with ages of ignorance and oppressed by an obfuscatory priesthood contained, a few decades ago, a small group of symbolist writers who made a great stir in the extra-Irish world but had very tenuous connections with their own very damp illiterate island.

I would, however, point out that their censorship, contemptible and despicable as it is, manages to avoid the utter bestiality of the American penal code (Article 211 sponsored and still maintained by the Representatives of the American populace in Congress assembled). Whereas in America any analphabetic moron in the U. S. postal service can tear the pages out of any book he fancies or dislikes and either destroy same or appropriate them to his own proper or improper uses, it is possible, legal, and permitted, for any poor Irishman to import for his own personal use ANY book whatsoever, whether approved by the parish parson or not, and he is legally permitted to lend said book to one other person not a member of his own domestic circle.

We should clean our own parlour before making mock of Pat on his middan.

Devotedly yours,
Rapallo, Italy. EZRA POUND.

[*The U. S. law now provides for a recourse to the Courts in case the customs service objects to the importation of a book.* —The Editor.]

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Belles Lettres

WOMEN AND CHILDREN LAST. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.50.

A book of clever skits and sketches by a young Englishman who describes himself as a successful journalist and justifiably questions his powers of self-criticism. All sorts of ephemera are scrambled together here, with a few things that would bear reading a second time. The author's cheerful hope that his work may inspire criticism's "most vicious invective" is hardly justified by the slight quality of his writing. His only claim to notice is a ready if obvious wit and a certain boyish impudence. He seems honest in the belief that he alone has discovered "the truth" about various matters and that he alone has dared to tell it. His most provocative if not devastating discoveries are that chivalry is bunk and woman absurd. He never wearies of them, and they have evidently served him well. The main aim of the provocative writer is to get a rise out of his public. Mr. Nichols rejoices in the protesting letters he is wont to receive from offended females, and quotes tidbits therefrom. He does not believe his fair auditors hate him; his complacency approaches the smirk and saunter of the matinée cave-man. Ladies who pay their money to hear themselves abused should get what they want from him.

The volume opens with ten sketches under the head, "More or Less Fiction," in which he shows little story-telling power, but a good knack for description and comment. Now and then (like all overt satirists) he lapses into sentimentalism—the *lacrima rerum* mood,—and makes it the occasion for some pretty writing. The second part of the book, labeled "Journalese," is made up of skits dealing with all sorts of social and conventional follies of our time. He uses the jaunty, cocky manner of the Shavian age, with rather more intentional rudeness than is usual. His themes are the sort Thackeray played with in the "Roundabout Papers" and Holmes in the "Autocrat." But he chipperly eschews the finesse and the discretion of his elders. Dignity and restraint being out of fashion, he is free to let fly in all directions with his pea-shooter and is fairly sure of hitting somebody or something in the process. It is one of his vaunts that people call him vulgar, though he professes not to know why: "In nine cases out of ten one is called vulgar merely for telling the truth."

But this deponent's idea of the truth seems very like that of the small boy who peeps and tells on sister. It is on the third part of his book, "Mainly about Women," that he chiefly plumes himself. As an undomesticated male he regards himself as singularly fitted to lay down the law about woman, especially married woman. The result is a series of sardonic-sophomoric observations of the irritating kind, which (to be frank) read to us like the nervous whistling of a bachelor who feels himself perilously near the verge of the mysterious abyss he pretends to have fathomed in fancy.

Biography

BETTER LEFT UNSAID. By DAISY, PRINCESS OF PLESS. Dutton. 1931.

In "Better Left Unsaid," Daisy, Princess of Pless, one of the most beautiful women of her day, herself of the nobility, and married to a rich and powerful Prussian prince, tears pages from the diary of her private life over a period of twenty years, from 1895 to 1914. While probably of little value from the historical or political point of view, the excerpts from the diary of the Princess of Pless give one many intimate pictures of a great number of famous personages of pre-war Europe. Here one meets, at close quarters, Kaiser Wilhelm and the Crown Prince, King Edward and Queen Alexandra, King George and Queen Mary, the Czar and Czarina, as well as endless lines of great and petty princes and princesses and nobles who formed the background of court life in Europe before the war,—it seems as if the entire "Almanach de Gotha" is brought forth for inspection. In one place, the Princess of Pless describes a house-party at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire; among the guests is Arthur Balfour. She writes in her diary: "Then there is Mr. Balfour, bland, smiling and with a rare, rather old-fashioned courtesy towards women which is sweet." What a delightful compliment, and what a charmingly true portrait of that exquisite gentleman of the old school!

The whole book is replete with personal touches and incidents that will enable the reader to pass many a pleasant hour in the company of the social and political great. The Princess of Pless has written her book with a delightful simplicity and charm. It should undoubtedly receive a ready welcome, for besides being most entertaining, it gives one an interesting picture of court life that has, to a large degree, disappeared from the scene.

HENRY DUNDAS. By *Holden Furber*. Oxford University Press. $5.

BEHIND BOTH LINES. By *Hugh Kingsmill*. Kennerley.

Drama

THE ANATOMIST, TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL. THE AMAZED EVANGELIST. By *James Bridie Smith*. $2.50.

Fiction

SCOTCH AND WATER. By GUY GILPATRIC. Dodd, Mead. 1931. $2.

Here is a book of short stories about a Scottish marine engineer. All of the stories depend for their humor on the complications the author is able to derive from his hero's twin character traits—namely, a terrific thirst for Duggan's Dew of Kirkintilloch, and the terrific personal parsimony which tradition has associated with the Scot. From this thematic material, scarcely symphonic in calibre, Mr. Gilpatrick has compounded stories which are fairly amusing if they are read one at a time. The author knows enough about the mechanics of tramp steamers to keep his incidents from growing too repetitious; and though almost all the stories suffer a little from the predictability of their conclusions there is something heart warming about Mr. Glencannon and his whiskey. Or it may be just the whiskey.

ABOVE THE DARK TUMULT. By HUGH WALPOLE. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.50.

It is Mr. Walpole's hope that this Piccadilly adventure will not be taken with too much seriousness. It will not; nor, for that matter, will it be taken lightly. For it is neither substantial nor entertaining. Mr. Walpole wrote it as a holiday from his Herries labor—he says this himself; also, as a little intimate aside, that the second of the Herries chronicles will be published in the autumn!—which proves doubtlessly that even relaxation can be grist for the literary mill.

If you like your crime swift and straight from the hip, without literary furbishing, or, if your taste tends toward ravelling the ingenuities of the Van Dine formula, then this is no book for you. It is a grotesquerie, heavily seasoned with "mysticism." The destinies of seven people are enmeshed of a night in a tissue of murder and love and blackmail. But the story never really has a chance, what with Mr. Walpole's showy and determined "atmosphere," and the fantastic cerebrations of his puppets. After a brief initial stir the action simply sloughs off; and certainly the author's ceaseless interpolation ("as we shall see later," or "as you will come eventually to understand") helps nothing but our irritation. Indeed, the whole work is so confidential that readers will have to be pardoned if they lose both patience and manners, and cry: get on with the telling, for Adventure's sake, Mr. Walpole, get on!

LADYBROOK. By ELEANOR FARGEON. Stokes. 1931. $2.50.

Eleanor Fargeon might here have given us an absorbing and well-rounded novel of the Sussex Downs had she not adopted the unfortunate device of telling a story within a story. Debby Shaw, an old lady of seventy-odd years, recounts the events of her life to a young novelist who has come to board for a few weeks in her cottage. Now Debby's love and frustration make an absorbing tale, but the secondary romance of the young novelist and her seventeen-year-old granddaughter is merely sufficiently interesting to interrupt the main story and detract from the simple coherence of the novel as a whole. The main theme of the book is colorfully told, and the entire action is described in four strongly emotional incidents.

Miss Fargeon paints a compelling picture of the home-loving folk of the Sussex Downs from the sinister influence of an old cobbler to the harmonious life of the Master and Mistress of Ladybrook who run the home farm and rule their dependents with a cunning mixture of love and shrewdness. The author's country folk are simple and human if uncouth. Their instincts are nor-

(*Continued on next page*)

Standard Books on Important Subjects

AN INTRODUCTION TO PERSIAN ART SINCE THE SEVENTH CENTURY A. D.
by A. U. Pope
Director of the International Exhibition of Persian Art, London, 1931
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—*International Studio.*
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THE BOBWHITE QUAIL: *Its Habits, Preservation and Increase*
by Herbert L. Stoddard
The results of four years of expert research are included in this volume. *The Saturday Review of Literature* calls it "a standard book. It should go into general libraries and the private libraries of sportsmen and nature lovers."
600 pages, 64 half-tone plates, and 4 color plates by E. R. Kalmbach $6.00

SPAIN
by Salvador de Madariaga
"No such account is to be found in English of the full combination of influences, traits, events, statistics, and tendencies that make up the Spain of to-day. It bites and illuminates at the same moment, and its whole sum is balanced and wholly convincing."—*The New Republic.* $5.00

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by W. K. Hancock
"This appraisement and interpretation of Australia can be recommended to readers desirous of learning more of a country whose future is of importance to every nation of the globe and especially to America."—*New York Sun.* $5.00

THE GRASS ROOF
by Younghill Kang
"His pages breathe the happiness of field and flower and garnered crop, of games in the open, and the smell of wood fires. A real contribution to literature."—*Saturday Review of Literature.*
Second Printing $3.00

DIGGING UP THE PAST
by C. Leonard Woolley
author of "Ur of the Chaldees," etc.
"You will be fascinated by this informal and lively description of the work of digging up the civilizations of the past and reconstructing them from ruins. . . . There is not a technical sentence in it; nor a dull paragraph."—*The Outlook.*
Illustrated $2.50

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS ⟷ NEW YORK

Love is not enough

"They knew as much and as little of each other as do most brides and bridegrooms." The heritage that revealed itself in their child was an unforeseen obstacle to their love.

DWARF'S BLOOD
By EDITH OLIVIER

Into the happy lives of Alethea and Nicholas came a boy-child—beautifully proportioned, supremely gifted—but a dwarf. The story of how this tiny boy came between them, and how he brought them together again, forms a parable for thousands of married men and women. $2.50

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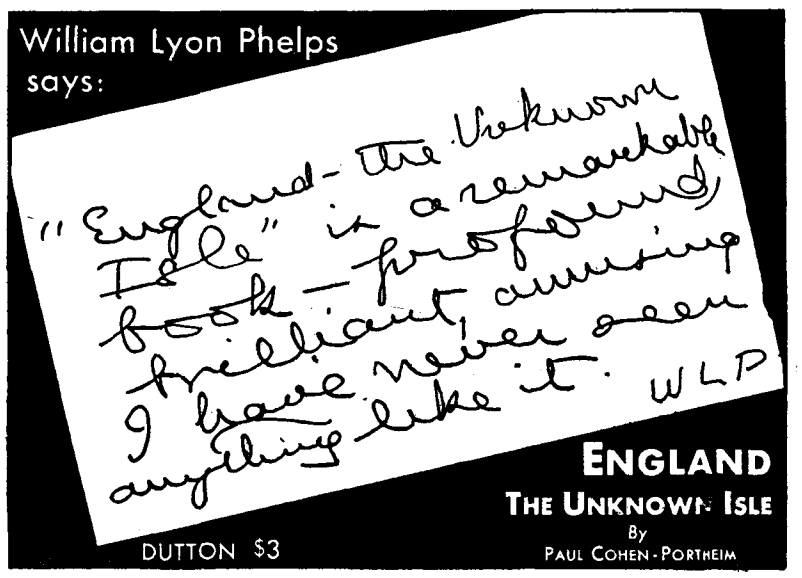
William Lyon Phelps says:
"England - the Unknown Isle" is a remarkable book — profound, brilliant, amusing. I have never seen anything like it. WLP
ENGLAND
THE UNKNOWN ISLE
By
PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM
DUTTON $3

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

mal human instincts, that find expression in acts of human weakness and human virtue, rather than, as so many recent writers would have one believe, the uncontrollable brute instincts of the beasts whose lives are of necessity so closely identified with their own. Here love and jealousy, kindness and cruelty, hold sway at times over the human heart. The mutual infatuation of Kit and Debby, the passion of the Mistress for her own good earth, and the sinister desire of the deformed old cobbler for Debby's youth, are all manifestations of the human element with a normal human appeal.

In spite of the rather unsatisfactory form of this novel there is a maturity and strength in its telling that cannot help but make it memorable.

RED PEPPER RETURNS. By GRACE S. RICHMOND. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.

Miss Richmond is another writer of that school of letters which regards Pollyanna as its patron saint. To twist Philip Guedalla's phrase, originally applied to Barrie, Dr. Red Pepper Burns makes a cheerful clatter with his cans as he goes his rounds distributing the milk of human kindness. The doctor is incorrigibly optimistic, strenuously determined to heal the hearts and bodies of his friends and patients.

Since the hero possesses all the elements of personal and professional success, he blithely dashes about creating confusion and happiness. He stops the marriage of a young niece to the caddish wrong man; he interests a spoiled society girl in aviation, thereby redeeming her from a life of shallow boredom; he effects the regeneration of a brilliant but dissipated writer. Everybody loves Red Pepper; his zest and capacity for performing noble deeds at high speed are boundless.

It would be unfair to judge the book by any exacting standards. Of literary merit it has what would be described in a chemical analysis as "a trace." Yet it is so clean, so virile, so upstandingly proper that a large audience will doubtless take it to its bosom. As a successor to "Red Pepper Burns" this "Return" is bound to please admirers of the red-haired physician.

OH GLORY! By HARFORD POWEL, JR. Bobbs-Merrill. 1931. $2.

Great is the press agent with power to elevate even an imaginary statesman to the White House itself. Such at least is Mr. Powel's contention in this farce-satire of the publicity boomaloom. A group of distinguished members of the Cave Club create a personality, endowing him with all the attributes of popularity: a handsome physique, a good radio voice, authorship of a glutinous mother song, and a panacea for every economic ill. They make him a man whom all women worship because he is so manly, and give him the name of Harvey J. Buck, fully as satisfying as Warren G. Harding or Herbert Hoover.

After inventing this paragon, the creators entrust the task of publicizing him to a struggling young press agent and the machinery begins to revolve. Beginning with a mere line in the papers as a charity contributor, the bubble Buck is inflated to gigantic proportions. Like the imaginary robes of the emperor in Andersen's fairy tale, everybody admires Buck and his exploits in finance, art, exploration, and statesmanship. America becomes completely "Buck conscious" and his election to the Presidency is assured.

The theme of the book is ingenious, but, unfortunately, its acceleration is faulty. It needs roller-bearing steering gear, syncromesh transmission, a sleek duco body job. In short, "Oh Glory!" lacks that headlong pace and glitter necessary to sustain the comedy.

*THIS IS AN INVITATION**

L. A. G. STRONG

IF you are in the habit of reading not just the book-of-the-hour but also those books which are likely to survive for at least a season or two, you will want to accept this invitation to read THE GARDEN, a novel by L. A. G. STRONG whose earlier book, *The Jealous Ghost,* you may remember. A lot of readers say THE GARDEN is one of those books one wants to savour slowly towards the end—a book one hates to finish. It is a story of Dublin before the war, and Dr. Richard Burton wrote in reviewing it for *The Book League of America* (THE GARDEN is their choice for July), "To live for a while with Dermot in the garden of his grandparents, in country Ireland, getting acquainted with the lad, seeing him grow up, becoming soaked in the Irish atmosphere of it all, its humor, quaint speech, salient people . . . is as refreshing an experience as can come to a modern person." Certainly, Long Mike Hogan who spent his days plaguing the Salvation Army, "mockers" as he called them, is only one of many delightful characters. And certainly, such dialogue as—"Now blast the bellas of the divil that blew that bit o' glass," he said, as he handed back the bottle. "That he didn't get a better breath, and blow it bigger. Wha'?"—makes THE GARDEN entertaining and perhaps a little besides.

**YOUR acceptance may be easily arranged. Any bookseller can supply you with a copy of THE GARDEN, if you insist that no other book will do just as well. The price is $2.50.*

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International

SEEING RED. By EVE GARRETTE GRADY. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $2.

Mrs. Grady is a large, handsome and sanguine American, not addicted to the weakness of sentimentalizing the ways of foreigners. While in Russia with her husband, an engineer under contract with the Soviet Government, she wrote a piece for the *Saturday Evening Post* entitled "See Russia and Die—Laughing," in which amidst hearty laughter at such sights as a live goose's head sticking up out of a peasant woman's pack in a Moscow street car, a cook lugging home a large fish in her arms, and the like, there was a humorous anecdote ridiculing Stalin.

The Soviet Government found this behavior on the part of one of its foreign guests not to its liking and requested the Gradys, it is said, to leave the country. The story lost nothing in its handling by the American newspapers. On disembarking in her native land, Mrs. Grady promptly appeared in person with it in the news' reels, and hurried her book into print ere the iron cooled.

It is, as one might not unnaturally expect it to be, a lively "roast" of pretty much everything. The cruelty and injustice, the fakery and false façades, all the stupidity and infuriating red-tape, of which there is enough in Russia goodness knows, along with fanatical enthusiasms for a new social and economic order—all this is here, as seen through the eyes of a breezy and more or less indignant American housewife.

The best part is Mrs. Grady's personal experiences in actual housekeeping in the provincial city in which her husband was stationed. This is detailed, concrete, frankly hostile, like most of the rest, and not what others' experiences might have been in the same circumstances, but first-hand and real. The book isn't one to be taken very seriously, but it is entertaining, and doubtless a wholesome counterblast to some of the more ingenuous tourists' impressions which will be collected this summer.

Miscellaneous

WINGS OF TOMORROW. By JUAN DE LA CIERVA and DON ROSE. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $2.50

An account, both historical and descriptive, of the autogiro, authoritatively told and illustrated.

TALKS ON "THE LIGHT OF THE PATH." By *Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbetter.* Adyas, Madras, India: Theosophical Publishing House.

THE TWELVE PRINCIPAL UPANISHADS. By *E. Roer.* Vol. I. Adyas, Madras, India: Theosophical Publishing House.

THE ROMANCE OF THE HIVE. By *Frank C. Pellett.* Abingdon. $2.

THE ETHICS OF A PROFESSION. By *A. P. Richardson.* Century.

GOLF. By *Henry Cotton.* Coward-McCann.

RIDING. By *Lady Hunlohe and Cecil Alden.* Coward-McCann.

THE AULA IN HALLAM. By *T. Walter Hall.* Sheffield, Eng.: Northend.

Poetry

DUNDO. Edited by *Clarence F. Bryson and James H. Robinson.* Cleveland, O.: January Club.

A SHROPSHIRE LAD. By *A. E. Housman.* International Pocket Library.

Science

OPTICS. By SIR ISAAC NEWTON. McGraw-Hill. 1931. $2.50.

An excellent reprint from the fourth edition of this classic of science with a foreword by Einstein and an introduction by Professor E. T. Whittaker in which it is made clear how far Newton's conceptions of the nature of life foreshadowed present physical theories which resemble his much more closely than did the ideas of physicists in the late nineteenth century.

A WORLD OF EPITOMIZATIONS. By *George Perrigo Conger.* Princeton University Press. $5.

Murder Will Out

By WILLIAM C. WEBER

IT is a terrible thing to have more than a hundred murders and several score suicides on one's conscience. Most people would be slightly annoyed with the responsibility for one killing, but when the cadavers are sent to you in batches a certain callosity develops. Not only that . . . as one wades through a welter of bad writing, wooden characters, impossible detectives, and machine made plots, there is the dire possibility that after the reviewer turns out the light and slips off to dream of pistols, poisons, and penal servitude he will send up a petition for just one good murder. But regardless of quality it is high time they move off the reviewer's chest.

There are not enough good murders. A few are worth an idle hour, and the rest are a crime against the source of the paper supply. If it were not true that the work of the mystery masters of last year and the years before keeps pretty well up to standard, it might be said that mystery fiction is on the verge of its grave. It is certain that out of the flock of new names that one reads on the jackets only a very few produce stuff that fails to insult average intelligence—and everyone knows that the intelligence of mystery story readers is very high. Presidents, big business men, executives, and you and me. But here, after much sifting, are a few of the best of the recent output.

As topical as today's newspaper is "The Columnist Murder," by Lawrence Saunders (Farrar & Rinehart: $2). The columnist murdered is "Tommy Twitchell," famous among New York tabloid columnists and "spicy bit" dispensers. His body is found in a telephone booth by a city fireman assigned to the theatre in which the murder takes place. Somewhere in Twitchell's "colyum" for the day is the clue to his murder. The analysis of this column by the police and some friends of Twitchell is among the high spots of the book. It will never win any prizes as a mystery story—the reader never meets the murderer alive, and the solution is rather forced—but as a slice of New York night life it is as garishly brilliant as Broadway itself.

What at this writing is the latest of the dollar Crime Club books is also one of the best. It is "The Second Shot," by Anthony Berkeley. The officiating detective is Roger Sheringham, who likes his beer and an unusual method of discovering criminals. The story is told by Cyril Pinkerton, also known as "Tapers," a very nice young man who, for his timidity, was chosen to be the murderer of Eric Scott-Davies in a faked crime. But something goes wrong. Instead of a fake corpse there is a very dead one. Sheringham comes on the scene, consumes copious libations, and finally solves the crime. And then in the last chapter you get the surprise of your life.

A somewhat similar idea is followed in "An End to Mirth," by Ben Ames Williams (Dutton: $2). Here the scene is Hollywood and the central figure of the "murder" game a motion picture producer. The people who take part in the mock-murder are all actors, actresses, publicity people, and the like—a colorful crowd with quite a few carefully hidden animosities among them. The fatal shot (supposedly a blank cartridge) rings out, and everybody is in high spirits until the blanket over Ned Brace's body is found to cover a dead man. Then follow numerous rehearsals of the crime until the murderer finds the gyves so near his wrist that he takes the quickest way out. The detective work is good, but the story would be better if it weren't so lush at times. Hollywood influence, perhaps.

Raoul Whitfield, whose "Green Ice" was above the average, provides another good yarn in "Death in a Bowl" (Knopf: $2). Hollywood is the background, and the first murder is that of the conductor of a symphony orchestra in the Hollywood Bowl who is shot in the back during a concert. The sound of the gun that killed him is drowned by the noise of a low flying airplane. Two detectives in a private agency who have been retained by the murdered man's brother—and by the brother's worst enemy—start on the trail, one of the detectives assisted by a very clever girl operative. The story courses through the labyrinthine ways of the movie metropolis, with intrigue at every turn, and before the murderer is caught the girl detective is dead. It is a hard-boiled tale, capitally told.

Another good one—it happens to be the work of a new author—is "There's Been Murder Done," by K. T. Knoblock (Harpers: $2). It is a gruesome affair. The scene is New Orleans, there are three murders—butcheries would be a better word—a revealing picture of the "third degree" at work, considerable grim humor, and a sardonic conclusion that is good for at least one gasp. It is not a novel for the nervous, but for those who like their thrills concentrated there are few better stories available.

"Voodoo," by Kenneth Perkins (Harpers: $2), is another story of New Orleans. It, too, runs to mass murder. There are five killings, each one more baffling than its predecessor. The detective is an amateur, laboring under the delusion that he is responsible for the crimes because he has been inoculated with a gland extract (to cure malaria) from the man who was convicted of the first murder. With that as a beginning the tale waxes more and more exciting until the very end, when one tiny clue reveals the real criminal. The voodoo passages are the best this reviewer has read since "The Magic Island."

In "Solange Stories," by F. Tennyson Jesse (Macmillan: $1.75), a female detective enters the field. Solange Fontaine, heroine of the five thrilling stories that compose

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this book, is a character worth knowing, and Miss Jesse's writing is designed for the intelligent reader. The brilliance of her performance made this reviewer forget that "second sight," or some similar occult means, is a part of Solange's equipment, which is ordinarily enough to damn a story. The book is also attractively priced.

"The Boathouse Riddle," by J. J. Connington (Little, Brown: $2), is the latest chronicle of Sir Clinton Driffield, chief constable, and his prowess as a detective. It begins with the murder of a game-keeper on an English estate and before long involves his employer, the servants, and a gang of clever London criminals. There is an air of verisimilitude about the development of the case that makes the story doubly engrossing. Connington's stories are perhaps the most matter-of-fact, rule-of-thumb tales on the stalls today, and this one is quite as absorbing as its predecessors.

J. S. Fletcher's "The Murder at Wredes" (Knopf: $2) is neither better nor worse than the general run of this prolific author's work. It is a good puzzle unostentatiously developed, told by the secretary to a wealthy gentleman with a shadowy past. The gentleman, usually abstemious, gets beautifully drunk after a meeting with a mysterious stranger, and when the stranger is found stabbed with a sword-cane, the gentleman is too muzzy to know whether he was the murderer or not. The secretary and an ex-Scotland Yard man finally clear up the case, the secretary spending most of his time dipping into his pocket for money to pay people who "know something." The story ends abruptly, without any long drawn out post-mortems, but one would like to know if the secretary had his money back.

On the jacket of "Found Drowned," by Eden Phillpotts (Macmillan: $2), the publishers exult in the fact that "here is a new sort of murder tale—no automatics, no horrors, no dope rings, no abductions, etc."—and one might add, "no particular interest." There is such a thing as a surfeit of horrors, but those who remember Mr. Phillpotts's "The Gray Room" may find "Found Drowned" pretty dull reading.

The interesting series of dialogues between a hangman and a prison chaplain which makes up "The Hangman's Guests," by Stuart Martin (Harpers: $2), would be much better reading if there were not so much melodramatic ranting. The idea behind the conversations that finally disclose the identity of the man who last had the fatal "Bloodstone" diamond is excellent, although the story at times has a tendency to get out of hand. But it's worth reading.

Dorothy Sayers dips deep into laboratory lore for the mechanism of her latest murder yarn, "The Documents in the Case" (Brewer & Warren: $2), written in collaboration with Robert Eustace, who, one gathers, invented the method by which an unwanted husband was put out of the way. In any other hands but Miss Sayers's it would be too scientific, but that expert writer makes it an interesting tale, in spite of the damnable stylistic device of a series of letters which usually drives this reader to distraction.

"The Black Box," by M. P. Shiel (Vanguard: $2), approaches that fabulous work, so much wished for by the major critics, a mystery story which is also a fine novel. Wilkie Collins's "The Moon Stone" (just republished as a Harper Sealed Mystery) is usually mentioned at this time. "The Black Box" is, undeniably, a "literary" mystery. It is also completely baffling, and the puzzling death of Sir Patrick O'Connor remains unsolved until very near the end of a 338 page book—which is good measure for mysteries. This book calls for close attention, willingness to become accustomed to a strangely inverted style—and acceptance of some rather hazardous deductions at their face value. It is better, I think, than "How the Old Woman Got Home."

Other recent tales by new authors are "Murder in the News Room," by Henry Charlton Beck (Dutton: $2) and "Fourth Degree," by K. S. Daiger (Macrae-Smith: $2). In Mr. Beck's story the first victim is a star reporter who "knew too much" and was found dead one morning slumped over his desk in what the hero of "The Battle of the Manila Envelopes" called the "sitting room." The evidence pointed toward suicide, but an observing doctor soon saw that it was murder—and was killed for his pains. Then Wingo Brent was called in and solved the case in his own inimitable and interesting way. "Fourth Degree," in which another supposed suicide turns out to be murder, is noteworthy for its use of scopolamin, or "truth serum," in detecting the criminal, something new to mystery fiction and a very well handled bit in a generally excellent story.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety per cent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply by mail.

F. D., Brussels, Belgium, asks for the best illustrated editions of "Tom Sawyer," "Hiawatha," "David Copperfield," and "Pickwick Papers."

"TOM SAWYER" in a special illustrated edition, crown octavo, costs three dollars (Harper); "Hiawatha," with a Maxfield Parrish cover, a frontispiece by N. C. Wyeth and text illustrations by Frederick C. Remington, costs $2.50 (Houghton Mifflin); for Dickens nothing comes up to the original illustrations, and reproductions of these are to be found in several editions, Macmillan's or Houghton Mifflin's, for instance. But if you can afford it, get an early edition for the sake of the plates; I have a "Nickleby" first whose pictures are so much more rich and deep than the later printings that they would make anyone dissatisfied with anything else.

C. de M., Neuilly-sur-Seine, France, sends me her article "Proust Without Tears" in the *Bulletin of the American Women's Clubs of Paris,* an excellent introduction, I will be glad to send to the inquirer for easy reading on Proust.

THE Lost and Found Department reports that *K. L., Cambridge, Mass.*, tells *J. L. J., Pawtucket,* that the full title of the Bataille set is "Albert Bataille: Causes Criminelles et Mondaines 1881-98." Librairie Wertu, 78, Boulevard Saint-Michel, Paris. 18 volumes, 1881-1898. Albert Bataille died in 1900. *E. B. H., Toledo, O.*, asks for a novel published about ten years ago whose second title was " . . . or, Pilate's Wife," in which she fled after the Crucifixion to Britain and became involved in British adventures that suggested Boadicea. And *B. S., New Haven, Conn.,* and the Reading, Mass., public library have identified the author of "The Children of Old Parks Tavern" as Frances A. Humphrey and say the book was published by Harper in 1886.

G. E. S., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks "Can you mention some novels that are odd, distinguished, have salt to them? I have been reading over your column in back numbers of the S. R. and guess from your mention of Jesse's "Tom Fool" and Couperus's "Book of the Small Souls" that they are the type I am looking for. I have no particular literary pattern in mind; I merely want them to be fresh, striking. Just now I am enjoying "High Wind in Jamaica" (this was first published here as "The Innocent Voyage"). I feel quite starved for books that have vigor and beauty and in addition an acute and subtle persuasion.

I SAID at once, go get everything that Sylvia Townsend Warner has written, and she said she had, that Miss Warner was the very type she meant. This permits readers a range, as each of Miss Warner's little masterpieces might have been designed to dodge the audience of the one just before it "No one who liked 'Lolly Willowes' will like my new one," she mourned with a twinkle, just before the brilliant appearance of "Mr. Fortune's Maggot"; "The True Heart" was not like this missionary tragi-comedy, and when I met Miss Warner in London last year she intimated that now she had done for herself, for her next heroine was to be a drinking person and the book itself was in verse. But where, I ask you, can you beat this same lovely "Opus 7"? All these, by the way, are Viking books. There was just enough likeness in the earlier stories of Edith Olivier to provide some excuse for the notion some people held, that this might be a pen name for the author of "Lolly," but after "The Love Child" and "As Far as Jane's Grandmother's" there was no such idea and would not have been even if the Viking office had not provided a biographical sketch, with picture, for those who ask about "The Triumphant Footman" and this new one, "Dwarf's Blood."

Taste like that of this inquirer seems to be imputed to the four young ladies of Beaver Dam, in whose choice of novels not longer than two hundred pages to read aloud to one another, the readers of this department continue to take a warm and friendly interest. For *N.A.U., Portland, Oregon,* says: "I hope the young ladies in Beaver Dam wil not miss the gay 'Mr. Fortune's Maggot' of Sylvia Warner; we read it one spring day on a boat trip up the Columbia River, and it is fitting for a lightsome mood. Also, Eleanor Wylie's 'Venetian Glass Nephew' is one of our favorites; surely never was style so suited to subject matter." And *M. H. H., Clearfield, Pa.,* suggests for the four young ladies three novels I did not name, and that I heartily endorse for this purpose. "Claudia," by Arnold Zweig (Viking), which she calls "a novel of two souls growing together in love and marriage; it is almost too sensitive." I read this in German in Vienna, where it was given me by a bookseller as the best that Austria could do of its kind, and I rejoiced when it was put into English. "Lady into Fox," by David Garnett (Knopf), an amusing and pathetically imaginative story (and I may add that David Garnett is another author who may be put on this list for anything he has written, though no two are alike). His latest is "The Grasshoppers Come" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam), and though it concerns a long-distance flight it is not like any aviator story you have read. The third of M. H. H.'s choices is Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visiters" (Doubleday, Doran), and if a more recent book is required, D. H. Lawrence's "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (Knopf), "too long under letter of this particular requirement, but of the type." This reader heartily agrees with Basil Davenport's review of it in the May 6th issue of the *S.R.*

True enough it is that "Mr. Fortune" would go well with spring and a lightsome mood, but two days before this letter arrived, being in the thick of a subway crowd and thinking about religion and the way we take it into church rather than go there to find it, this book came into my mind and I thought it had more of the truth about personal religion in it than many a theological work—even though the hero does lose his faith in the course of its action. I think a good deal about religon; it seems to me that the only thing that matters in all the world is a man's idea of God and his relation to Him, and so I naturally had a grand time with "Father Malachy's Miracle," by Bruce Marshall (Doubleday, Doran), which they thought would need the support of determined friends to keep it from withering unknown, but which has taken matters into its own hands and become, so I hear, something of a best-seller. It has all the qualities required by G. E. S., and a driving earnestness for all its gayety for if a novel is not gay that lifts a dance-hall by means of a miracle and leaves it on a rock in the harbor while church, state, and organized business persuade themselves nothing has happened, I miss my guess. I may grow restive at its assumption that in matters of religion it must be *aut Petrus aut nullus,* but I can stand that for the sake of the fervor and fun.

I think "Elizabeth" should be on a list like this, and for just about everything she has written, from "Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther" to her latest charmer, "Father" (Doubleday, Doran), and if you go straight through the works of "Elizabeth" you will see how seldom she drops below her own high standard of performance. I speak also for "J. E. Buckrose" in general (Mrs. Annie Jameson), though you may have to look about a bit to find a novel as comparatively old as "Down our Street," "The Gossip Shop," or "A Knight among Ladies"; Putnam publishes "Love in a Little Town." I am glad to see that a new novel by J. E. Buckrose is announced which has had a good press in England, "Silhouette of Mary Ann: a novel about George Eliot" (Stokes). And since we have gone back to older publications, let us return by way of a book so new it has just appeared in England and so old it has passed its second thousandth birthday, the "Lysis" of Plato, newly translated by Kenneth Matthews and published by the Fulcrum Press for fifteen shillings. I have long wondered why the dialogues of Plato could not be given, if not in modern dress, surely on a modern stage and at conversational speed with the easily reconstructed byplay. Mr. Matthews, who clearly combines ripe scholarship with a sense of the extraordinary modernity of Plato, has done as nearly this as makes no matter by this sprightly yet scholarly version with its unexpected drawings. I understand that it may be published over here; I hope so. We have this year in Edward Sackville West's "Simpson" (Knopf) the life-story of a Nannie that puts the author into the front rank of contemporary novelists. And I wonder why Sylvia Denys Hooke wrote one novel as distinctive as "Nettle Harvest" and then apparently stopped writing novels. Doubleday published it in 1928.

THE Lost and Found Department begs to report that the Wells novel in which a man dropped off a country road into the fourth dimension has been found: apparently I am the only one who lost it. The first letter came from Earl Walbridge, librarian of the Harvard Club, N. Y., who has been silent with respect to this column for so long I thought he must be mad at me. He says: "It was on 'one of those days of gay sunshine that were characteristic of the great drought of 1921' that Mr. Barnstaple of Wells's 'Men Like Gods' drove his two-seater (variously known as the Foot Bath, Colman's Mustard, and the Yellow Peril) off the Maidenhead Road (near Slough), into the fourth dimension. He was preceded there by a grey limousine, occupied by Cecil Burleigh, Rupert Catskill, Father Amerton, and Lady Stella; that is to say, by Arthur Balfour, Winston Churchill, and Father Vaughan. I am not certain of Lady Stella, but in any case she was a woman of serene and invincible ordinariness.

"I was interested to find the novel dedicated 'To Florence Lamont, in whose home at Englewood this story was christened.' I owe to 'Living Authors' the knowledge that Mrs. Lamont is a sister-in-law of Anne Parrish, although, of course, it is wrong in saying that Mr. Lamont is the present Secretary of Commerce."

Now that, I maintain, is the way to hear from an absent friend; you get what you wanted to know and more than you had hoped to get. Before I could catch my breath came letters from Fannie Tepper of the N. Y. State Library at Albany; Jean Lichty, New York; Marilla Freeman of the Cleveland Public Library, Bruno Tarzia, Bayonne, N. J.; Angeline S. Donley, Bridgeport Library, Conn.; C. W. Mason, Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh; S. T. Byington, Ballard Vale, Mass.; J. M. M., Boston, Mass., and at that point I made haste to send this to press, thanking all the others in advance for I can fancy what the next mail, and the next, will continue to be. *G. W. P., Los Angeles, Cal.*, sends a belated addition to the Dopplegänger list, by now approaching the status of a real bibliography and getting ready to appear in the second volume of the "Reader's Guide Book." This newcomer is an old story, Henry James's moving tale of "The Jolly Corner." Thus bearing gifts, she goes on to ask if the rule against searching quotations may not be set aside long enough to find for her one that runs something like this:

Methought I spoke with some old lover's ghost,
Who died before the god of Love was born.

I find among some notes I have been trying to find room for, the news from *W. S. H.* of the office of William Edwin Rudge, that in "Good Theatre" Morley does not make Shakespeare visit a moving picture show but "Your Money or Your Wife: Third Huge Year: The Play that makes the Dimples Catch the Tears: See the Bathing Chorus, the Babies that Made the Ocean Famous," a comedy, with real music and dancing. And the recovered note, cheerful as it is, comes now into print as we are grieving for the death of William Edwin Rudge, a personality, a force if ever we have had one in our twentieth century culture.

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BERTRAND RUSSELL, *one of the twenty-two contributors to*
LIVING PHILOSOPHIES, *the July* BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH

"Whoever feels himself drawn to philosophy must seek out its immortal teachers in the still sanctuary of their own works."—ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.

More than 535,000 persons have bought, and presumably almost 2,000,000 persons have read, *The Story of Philosophy* by WILL DURANT. Not the least gratifying aspect of this unprecedented distribution is the measurable impetus it has given to the reading and re-reading of the original works—the primary source-books—of the great philosophers.

The exuberance with which *The Inner Sanctum*, as an interested party, makes such a claim must of course be discounted, but it so happens that incontrovertible proof is at hand. Impartial reports from librarians, educators, teachers of philosophy, book-sellers, other publishers, and reprint houses like *The Modern Library* testify to a marked enhancement in the demand for *the Socratic Dialogues*, *The Ethics of Spinoza*, and even such works as KANT'S *Critique of Pure Reason* —and much of the demand is both directly and indirectly traceable to the lucidity and sparkle of WILL DURANT'S exposition.

More direct evidence is available in our own sales records. Following the publication of *The Story of Philosophy*, *The Inner Sanctum* inaugurated *The Philosophers' Library* with one-volume editions of *The Works of Plato* edited by PROFESSOR IRWIN EDMAN and *The Works of Schopenhauer* edited by DR. WILL DURANT. Here the sales trend is distinctly upward, and indubitably stimulated by *The Story of Philosophy*. As a matter of fact, SCHOPENHAUER and PLATO are consistent best-sellers for the years.

All of which is a rather roundabout way of inviting the reading public to the still sanctuary of *Living Philosophies*, a series of intimate credos by ALBERT EINSTEIN, JOHN DEWEY, BERTRAND RUSSELL, H. L. MENCKEN, SIR JAMES JEANS and seventeen other leaders of modern thought. In these pages the story of contemporary philosophy is *told by the philosophers themselves*, with autobiographical candor.

Living Philosophies is not a work of epistemological virtuosity; it is not marked by metaphysical mazes or mirages; it is not an endurance contest in logic-shopping. But by the grace of whatever Gods there be, it is an honest seeking for totality, an impassioned infatuation with wisdom, a frank searching of souls, and in the deepest sense of the word, a concourse of *Living Philosophies*.

—ESSANDESS.

"Women and elephants never forget"

See page 46 . . . . .
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The PHŒNIX NEST

WE had hoped for some contributions inspired by *Arthur Davison Ficke's* comments upon *Eden Phillpotts*, and we print below several we have received. *Louella D. Everett* of Boston writes the following and quotes a poem by Phillpotts that has always been a favorite of ours.

Eden Phillpotts's "The Secret Woman" was one of the ten best sellers of its day, 1905-6, and was dramatized in 1912. His "Red Redmaynes" is one of the best mystery stories I have ever read, and "The Grey Room" a unique mystery story of novelette length. Phillpotts's epigrammatic poem in Devonshire dialect, "Man's Days," is a favorite with anthologists:

A sudden wakin', a sudden weepin',
A li'l suckin', a li'l sleepin';
A cheel's full joys an' a cheel's short sorrows,
Wi' a power o' faith in gert to-morrows.

Young blood red-hot an' the love of a maid,
One glorious day as 'll never fade;
Some shadows, some sunshine, some triumphs, some tears,
And a gatherin' weight o' the flyin' years.

Then old man's talk o' the days behind 'e,
Your darter's youngest darter to mind 'e;
A li'l dreamin', a li'l dyin':
A li'l lew corner o' airth to lie in.

Florence E. Stryker of Montclair, New Jersey, tells us:

You should indeed read *Eden Phillpotts*. I agree with Mr. Ficke. He is a great novelist. He possesses humor, and a rare gift of characterization, a deep sense of the power of nature and environment upon human destiny. He can create "atmosphere" and a plot. Do read "The Secret Woman" on your summer vacation, or some older one of his books, even such a potboiler as "The Grey Room" is excellent. Taste his Devon brew, dear Phœnician. Do not drink it hurriedly. His is not the cocktail variety. It is good old English ale.

We seem to have pleased *Margaret Matlack* of Cornell College, Iowa, with our Nest of June 13th, and are glad. The Iowa weather, it seems, was sweltering at the time, and she went right down to the drug-store and had a coca-cola! . . . .

Kathleen Norris recently had a poem in *Good Housekeeping* entitled "On An Anniversary—April 23, 1931" and addressed to *Charles G. Norris*, the author of "Seed" and other novels. One of the verses we like best runs:

They who look at the ship shall see how the storms have staved her,
Bergs from the north have caved her, tropical summers have dried,
See her canvas a-droop, stained and tattered and meager,
She that once was so eager, once so proud to be tried!

The poem ends,

Who shall care but ourselves? Yet will we not have for treasure
Knowledge, beyond all measure precious of all things made,
That we took her, brave in the morning, into the mist and smother,
Trusting her and each other—and that we were not afraid?

Elizabeth Suess of Madison, Wisconsin, thinks that the new head drawn for this department "doesn't improve the page a little bit. It is not nearly so artistic as the old one. Here the Phœnix is in a cage. His lack of freedom will surely react on your comments. Furthermore, where is the little Japanese signature he used to have? Once, years ago, that was upside down, and it bothered me, now it is gone and it more than bothers me." . . .

We are sorry, and we shall try out utmost not to be cramped by the new heading. The point was, indeed, to give us a few more lines space for writing, as the former heading was comparatively deep. . . .

Mary Rose Himler, who has been in charge of the publicity for the Bobbs Merrill Company for a number of years, has now left that concern. She used to write inimitable letters. *Robert King* is now in charge of their publicity work. . . .

Winifred Welles, one of the most delicately distinguished poets of our day, has produced a little book of child poetry, published by Macmillan and entitled "Skipping Along Alone," which title, we think, for such a book is quite a triumph in itself! . . .

Thornton Wilder has been in Berlin, where he has been greeted as a romanticist and humanist, and they have said of him:

For those who think America is a country bounded by pragmatism on one side and skyscrapers on the other, this poet will be a European, especially since he studied in Europe. He is in his spiritual behavior a romantic romanticist and a philologist, Professor of French, and in spite of his youth (he is only thirty-five) a very highly respected philologist, and in spite of his philology a great artist. . . .

Alajalov, the Russian caricaturist, well-known for his work in *The New Yorker* and *The New York Evening Post*, is doing the illustrations for *George Gershwin's* Song Book, originally started by the late *Ralph Barton*. This book will be published in the fall by Simon & Schuster. . . .

In "The Latest Books," the Baker & Taylor Bulletin, occurs the following item:

THE MOONSTONE, by *Wilkie Collins*. The story of a murder told in a series of narratives from the pens of the various actors concerned. July 8 (Harper) $2.00

So this is Fame! . . .

Sheila Kaye-Smith has written about the life and loves of a woman in her new novel, "Susan Spray," to be published by Harper, and one of our favorite English women writers, *E. M. Delafield*, an author published by the same firm, has been working on an un-autobiographical book, "The Diary of a Provincial Lady." The facts recorded in the book are nevertheless based upon the author's own life in her country house in Devonshire. Recently she has taken a flat in London and visits town for several days once a month to carry on her work for *Time and Tide*, a weekly review run entirely by women. She is married and has two children. . . .

Philip Guedalla has had his new biography of Wellington listed in the United States War Department Reading List for Officers. In fact, it was so listed before the book was written! . . .

"Hatter's Castle," by *A. J. Cronin*, has been causing quite a stir in London, and Little, Brown & Company will publish it over here on July 17th. . . .

Naomi Royde-Smith is back in England after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. *Aldous Huxley* on the Riviera. Her new novel, of the late 'fifties, is "A Delicate Situation," and has already been selected as one of the famous Novels of the Year in England. . . .

Doris Peel arrived in England the end of June to find her "Five on Parade" one of the six best-sellers there. Miss Peel's short story, "Aunt Margot," is an outstanding contribution to the new *American Caravan*. . . .

Dale Collins came back to London after a trip twice around the world in a freighter and looked up his old rooms in Sloane Square. It seemed that the new occupant was to vacate them that very day. When Collins inquired the occupant said, "O, you see I am in the moving picture business and am on my way to the Far East for the filming of Dale Collins's novel 'Rich and Strange.'" And what, indeed, could be richer and stranger than that! . . .

Humbert Wolfe recently produced the following poem on the late *Arnold Bennett*. It appeared recently in the *English Review*:

Now that Arnold Bennett, whom we cherished,
is dead,
and Robert Bridges, that inveterate deep lover
of life will not toss again his lion head,
it is time to look back and tell their virtues over.
There was always a space, Arnold, in what you said,
a pretended stammer of thought as though to cover
the young, and, in spite of life, the astonished
fancies that cried as sadly as the wheeling plover
over the empty autumn fields to the spring.
"Return!
Where are your snowdrops now that the bracken's brown?
Is there not always spring in a bird's sight?"
You also, Arnold, in the autumn would not learn
that the lilies crumple and the cowslips are trodden down
"Come back!" you were always crying, and you were right.

The front-page stories and editorials that have featured the surrender of *Al Capone* may serve to revive *Fred D. Pasley's* "Capone: The Biography of a Self-Made Man," which the Garden City Publishing Company have now released in a dollar edition. . . .

In the June-September issue of the *Hound and Horn* the opening article attacks the liberal policies of *The New Republic*, evidence being taken from the words of *The New Republic* liberals themselves. . . .

M. Jagendorf, director of The Children's Playhouse at 8 West 40th Street, is abroad on a two-months' vacation making a careful study of the children's theatres in Europe—Italy, Austria, Germany, and France. He will return in November. . . .

Wilfred Owen's poems are to be published in a new and enlarged edition with an introduction by *Edmund Blunden*. This will be in August, and we heartily recommend your purchase of this great poet of the war period. The book will come from the Viking Press. . . .

Thanks for your kind attention!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

DANCING GODS

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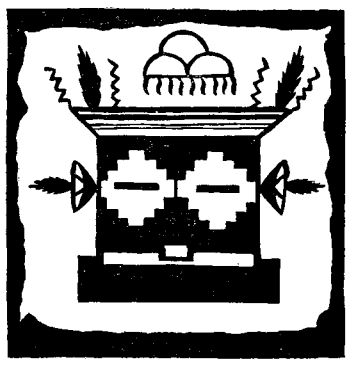

By Erna Fergusson

This first popular account of the principal Indian dances of the Southwest is based upon all available sources and extensive first-hand experience. To the author, who has always lived in this part of the country, these survivals of a primitive religion are a definite art form, and this book, says Mary Austin, "should prove an excellent introduction to the Indian dances to anyone who comes to them without previous knowledge." Illustrated with 16 reproductions of well-known paintings.
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The Colophon

THE sixth issue of the *Colophon* is again an excellent number: it has variety; its articles, for the most part, are interesting and well-written; and its outward form is lovelier than ever. There is always about this quarterly the fascination of never knowing what to look for, or what to expect; and only occasionally has there been any cause for disappointment. The present number begins unfortunately with Mr. Irving S. Underhill's presentation of the bibliographical peculiarities of "Huckleberry Finn": his points, sensible enough in themselves, are so lost in the midst of irrelevant details—which include an especially nauseating letter from an autograph agency in Los Angeles—that it is difficult to discover exactly what he wants to make clear. In sharp contrast with this, Miss Lucy Eugenia Osborne's "Richard Savage" confines itself to its subject, the Barrie-Marriott Watson play based more or less on the life of the eighteenth century poet, and proceeds logically and clearly to its conclusion without bewildering the reader, and without introducing side-issues of no importance. With Mr. Stanley Morison's delightful notes on the career of Captain Edward Topham, and Mr. J. DeLancey Ferguson's really scholarly paper on the Alexander Reid miniature of Robert Burns, it shares the distinction of being among the best essays that have appeared in the *Colophon*. The remaining contributions to the present number are good in varying degrees—Mr. W. A. Rogers writes about E. A. Abbey during his connection with Harpers in Franklin Square; Mr. George L. Harding gives the history of the *Pacific News*, a San Francisco newspaper that lived from August, 1849, to May, 1851, apparently a long career for that period in California; Miss Cather and Mr. A. E. Coppard describe their experiences with their first books; and Miss Lillian G. Taylor has an amusing paper, "The Way of the Best Seller," a description of her collection of novels by American authors, all of which were immensely popular at the time of their publication. If the two remaining issues for this second year approach the standard of excellence to be found here, there will be every justification for continuing.

A notice included in the present issue announces an exhibition of artists' designs and authors' manuscripts for the first year of the *Colophon's* existence: these are to be displayed throughout the summer in the exhibition room of the Pynson Printers at 229 West 43rd Street, New York City.

G. M. T.

THE Oxford University Press has brought out in an edition of 250 copies "Seven Letters from Charles Lamb to Charles Ryle of the East India House, 1828-1832." These letters, published here for the first time, are for the most part concerned with family matters, proposed visits from Charles and Mary Lamb to the Ryle household in "gay Islington," and from the Ryles to the Lambs; references to "poor Emma" and her illness; and even an acount of some "poisonous cheap wine" that made everyone ill. The longest and most characteristic—reproduced beautifully in collotype facsimile—congratulates Ryle on his promotion to Assistant in the Audit Department of the East India House; it is delightful and intimate, and adds another beautiful specimen to the number of Lamb's printed letters. The Oxford Press, aside from a brief note explaining the connection between Charles Ryle and Lamb, leaves this correspondence to itself with perfect editorial tact and merely prints the letters as nicely as possible. It is a pleasure to have such a book.

G. M. T.

A Privately Printed Book

THE LADIES OF VALLBONA. By Archer M. Huntington. Privately printed. 1931.

Reviewed by Robert Underwood Johnson

THOUGH Mr. Archer M. Huntington, modest as he is, has not been able wholly to conceal his generous support of the entire Parnassian line, only his intimate friends have known that he is a devotee of *the* Muse, as we flatteringly name the divinity who presides especially over verse. One can easily keep such a secret from the general public by the device of not publishing what he writes. "The Ladies of Vallbona," though printed, is, like an earlier volume by the same author, "The Lace Maker of Segovia," not offered for sale; to paraphrase Charles Lamb's saying of a good deed, it is poetry done by stealth and found out by accident.

As one may infer from the title poem, the little book is on Spanish themes. It consists of three dozen pieces; but the appeal of a poet—certainly one of middle age—is not by quantity but by quality, and Mr. Huntington has here struck a fresh and human note which gives his work individuality and charm. As one of the foremost Spanish scholars in the United States he is entitled to speak, in prose or rhyme, of things Hispanic and just now the world is ready to listen to anything that concerns the life and traditions of the latest recruit to our militant republics. Vallbona was the great aristocratic convent of Old Spain. The volume piques the attention not so much by the light it throws on the romance, the pathos, and the tragedy of Spain, as by the revelation of a new poet of engaging rhythms. The free swing of the lyric that gives title to the volume lingers delightfully in the memory. Of the seven stanzas here are the first and the last:

THE LADIES OF VALLBONA
(Vallbona de las Monjas)

Names, names are the ladies of Vallbona,
(Stealthy-footed syllables that tread the ways of grace)
Stately queens in cloistered rule eternal crowns to win
(Fading rushlights flickering across celestial space).

The hours canonical are still,
And birds are singing by the rill,
Where virtue's golden banners waved 'gainst battlements of sin.

Oria, Galdonsa,
Leocadia, Constanza,
Eternal crowns to win.

VII.

Names, names are the ladies of Vallbona,
(Trembling feet that tread by night a march processional)
Wistful sounds like fading chimes in mists about the Throne.
(Moonlight spirits bending low by each confessional.)
Words of songs forgotten,
Lost to faith or passion,
Tossed upon the years outworn like silver ashes blown.
Arcángela, María,
Inés, Estefanía,
In mists about the Throne.

Two aspects of this poem are worth noting: First, the charming ease of the varied measures, the final line being an echo of the third; and, second, the atmosphere of convent life, alternatingly devout or wistful, together with the musical names of the nuns. It would seem destined for future anthologies.

Mr. Huntington's command of pathos is one of the noteworthy traits of his work. Witness these lines:

GRAVES OF ITALICA

Those months we opened sixty graves,
Blowing the Roman dust away,
To gather fragments that had held
Loved memories of a faded day.

There lay the ring upon her breast,
Just where her faded hands had crossed;
The golden presence of her soul—
But not the gold of earth—was lost.
Time had been kind to leave her there,
Wrapped in the love of other dead,
But we, less generous, could take
The last poor shelter from her head.

Though the whole of a poem should be greater than all of its parts, as this is, who that has written verse would not covet that second line? It seems to open a window on the centuries.

In English verse there are many outstanding ballads of battle, but Mr. Huntington has added another to the list of his "Las Navas de Tolosa," a musical example of dactyllic pentameter, describing the overthrow by Moslem hosts, in 1212:

Moving from Syria, Egypt, Arabia,
Dwellers by Timgad and lands of Numidia,
All the hot South of the Mediterranean
Marching to Spain.

The background of the struggle is first indicated with extraordinary vividness and is followed by the assembling of Christendom led by Spain to crush the invader. Deeds of individual prowess stand out from the crash and noise of conflict and with an effectiveness in the description that is more than the faithful piling on of detail—in fact, a massive imaginative achievement. It is full of the sense of movement.

Perhaps the most haunting music of the book is in the lyric "Sevilia," for which I regret that there is not room here, as it rounds out the richness of this little book—little in scope but large in its contribution to American poetry and the alluring romance of Spain.

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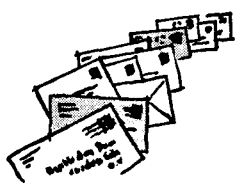

We hear from the UNKNOWN REVIEWER...

Last month we asked to hear from the unknown but aspiring reviewer of *John Mistletoe*. This was, we realize, a hard task to set. For as the professional critics have noted, the book is not easy to appraise or to classify. It has appeared on best-seller lists—both fiction and non-fiction; yet it has sold with that leisurely surety which bespeaks a thoughtful audience. To our request a courageous number of reviewers have responded, from whose letters we select the twelve reprinted below. Judging from the tone of these, it is our opinion that the writers are not apt to remain permanently unknown.

PROSIT!

Gentlemen all, I give you *John Mistletoe!* Richer in color than *Romany Stain,* though the geography is interior; still as anxious and eager as in *Where the Blue Begins;* older in the world than *Thunder on the Left;* not less sure of all he believed in *Pipefuls, Shandygaff* and *Inward Ho!,* and, but for the book *Toulemonde,* a truer poet.

—JOHN A. HOLMES,
28 Billingham St.,
Somerville, Mass.

"A WHOLE *FLIGHT* OF STAIRS . . . "

Every book I have read has been a stepping stone in my life, but *John Mistletoe* has been an entire flight of stairs! I absorbed him (One does not merely *read* Christopher Morley) with hot excited eyes and flushed cheeks. "J. M." has taken his place between Shakespeare and Whitman on my bookshelf. Just to see him there touches my "spirit of comprehension."

—BETTIE MARGOT CASSIE,
La Petite Maison,
Montpelier, Vt.

"NO SMELL OF INK ABOUT IT . . . "

I find it pretty hard to construct my own "grammar of delight" in this book. It doesn't seem to me like a book anyway; there is no smell of ink about it. No modern writer has stated the young man's case with such beautiful candor as *Mistletoe.*

—VERNON O. CLAPP,
Box 411,
Whitby, Ontario.

"LIKE AN OLD FRIEND"

Morley says, "For a moment I was somewhere near what I wanted to think; it trembled away." Coming upon that was like running across an old thought whose name you couldn't think of but whose face was very familiar. Reading *John Mistletoe* every midnight, it's high adventure now because it happens often.

—GLADYS THOMAS,
516 East Buffalo Street,
Ithaca, N. Y.

"CHARGED WITH JOIE DE VIVRE . . . "

In ten years of reading Morley I have encountered no work of his so charged with *joie de vivre* as *John Mistletoe.* Nothing I say can adequately express my joy that I was still young while reading it—for future re-readings will only bring deeper appreciation of its aching beauty.

—RICHARD F. McGRAW,
50 Essex Road,
Winnetka, Ill.

"LITTLE, SHINING MIRROS"

John Mistletoe lives out the proof that, without taking oneself too seriously, one can yet keep forever the Dream that made life start into beauty under the eyes of youth. His words (How he loves words!) are little shining mirrors of the adventuring spirit of man.

—AGATHA G. RAYHER,
415 Central Park West,
New York, N. Y.

THE TRUE ESSAY QUALITY

With *John Mistletoe* American readers can proudly reflect that the true essay quality of wise and witty discursiveness is no longer the inalienable heritage of descendants of Victorianism. Not only has Morley achieved a finished and leisurely style; the book is alive with a sensitized vitality peculiar to its author.

—ALICE MURPHY,
39 Dwight St.,
Brookline, Mass.

AN INTERLUDE OF RE-CAPTURE

John Mistletoe, perched joyously yet modestly on the stalwart oak of living thought, I count a refreshing interlude of re-capture. The touch is light without triviality; tributes are generous but not fulsome. It is comfortably lacking in the brilliance which repels, yet is permeated with sound poetic ecstasy.

—PHILIP H. WOODCOCK,
246 McKinley Ave.,
Syracuse, N. Y.

A COMPANIONABLE BOOK

Most books are to be skipped through and then forgotten. A few, however, demand a slow and careful savoring of each sentence. Such a book is *John Mistletoe.* Overflowing with ideas, food for many hours of contemplative thought, one turns to it as to the companionship of an old friend.

—RUSSELL CASE,
Bloomfield, Conn.

A DEBT RE-PAID

John Mistletoe is so fine a book that only a few chapters should be read at a time, that one may reflect and enjoy, and linger over the tingling warmth and richness of it. Christopher Morley has surely, in this book, repaid his debt to the heritage of English literature.

—HENRY RUBENFELD,
108 St. Paul St.,
Rochester, Minn.

MAKES LITERATURE AN ADVENTURE

Christopher Morley, by his *John Mistletoe,* has cast something in the nature of a precipitant into the clouded waters of present-day writing, to make stand out clear etched his intellectual idealism, and his ability to make of literature an adventure not only for himself, but above all for his readers.

—ALLEN E. PECK,
Attorney,
Washington, D. C.

AN ENCHANTING VOLUME

John Mistletoe is as brimful of good humor and sparkling anecdote as befits a book bound in a green tweed-like cloth suggestive of health, heather and a hearty spirit.

—CLAIRE BRUNSSEN,
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Elmhurst, N. Y.

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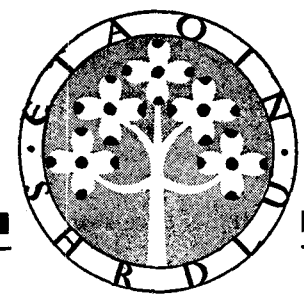
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

Whether you're an "unknown reviewer" or not, the pleasures of this book should not be unknown to you. Next time you're near a bookshop, drop in and look over the table of contents. That will give you some idea of why Charles Hanson Towne calls it "Morley at his passionate best . . . a book to put upon your shelves and read and read again."



JOHN MISTLETOE

by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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